

# NEW YORK SATURDAY MORNING

## A HOME WEEKLY

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No 421

### WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I thought I would tell her I loved her  
When the Spring came over the hill,  
But the Summer came, and my secret  
I kept a secret still.  
I said, "Ere the close of Summer  
I will go to her and say  
The words I meant to have told her  
When the year was in its May."  
But I waited, and Summer ended,  
And I thought, "Ere Autumn's done  
I will tell her the old, old story,  
And her hand shall be lost or won."  
But I waited, as in the Summer,  
Foolishly dreading to speak,  
When I knew that the sound of my footsteps  
Brought a glow to her eye and cheek.  
It was not that I feared refusal,  
Not that I doubted my heart;  
Only a man's weak waiting  
That kept our lives apart.  
They said in the time of Christmas  
A lover was at the Hall,  
And then I waited no longer,  
Fearful of losing all.  
I went to her and told her  
What I ought to long before,  
"You have asked too late," she answered,  
And showed me the ring she wore.  
But I knew if I had not waited  
And dallied with my fate,  
I'd have won the hand I asked for,  
But I asked for it too late.

### Joe Phenix, THE POLICE SPY.

A story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like, upon their kind, and of the secret blood-bonds of the law, who, through many a devious, winding way, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

#### CHAPTER V. THE BOHEMIANS.

DARKNESS was falling rapidly upon the busy streets of the great metropolis. The sons and daughters of toil were hurrying home from their daily avocations, and all the central avenues on the east side of town were filled with people.

Lights were beginning to gleam in the windows, and the long lines of tenement-houses to wear their usual nightly appearance. Up the narrow stairs of a dark and dingy tenement-house on avenue A a man was climbing.

No common man was this; no hard-handed son of toil a hundred like him to be encountered on every block in the crowded avenue, but a fellow so unlike the common run of men, that even in a crowd he would have excited immediate attention.

Tall, well-formed; short-cut yellow hair; a long, drooping mustache and pointed chin; a full, handsome face, wherein shone keen, gray-blue eyes, odd and peculiar in their light; the face, massive and full of resolution; dressed plainly—carelessly, in a well-worn suit of dark stuff, with a high-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat tilted back on his head; a close observer of city life and of city men would have no difficulty at all in guessing at what manner of man he was, although he lacked the long, flowing locks common to the species—"Bohemian."

A son of Bohemia—not the Bohemia, far across the stormy seas in the German land, but the Bohemia of the crowded metropolis—the mystic land from whence the sons and daughters of genius spring.

The Bohemia of the actor, the artist, the writer, the musician; in fine, of nearly all that vast class whose sole business it is to amuse the world.

In the old days the roving bands of Gipsies were termed Bohemians, and as they were fortune-tellers, conjurers, dancers or players, who gained a living by amusing the idle hours of the busy, honest, toiling world, when in time the stage, the opera, the press supplanted these wanderers, the new-comers, children of genius, who gained their bread by the aid of their wits instead of by manual labor, succeeded to the name, and thus it is that Bohemia flourishes to-day in the midst of all our large cities.

So, when we speak of a man as being "a Bohemian," we mean that he is a talented, clever fellow—a genius whose business it is to astonish the sober world at large, and who—ten chances to one—will some day die a miserable death and fill a pauper's grave.

Reginald Percy this good-looking fellow terms himself, and he occupies a small room on the fifth floor of the old tenement-house.

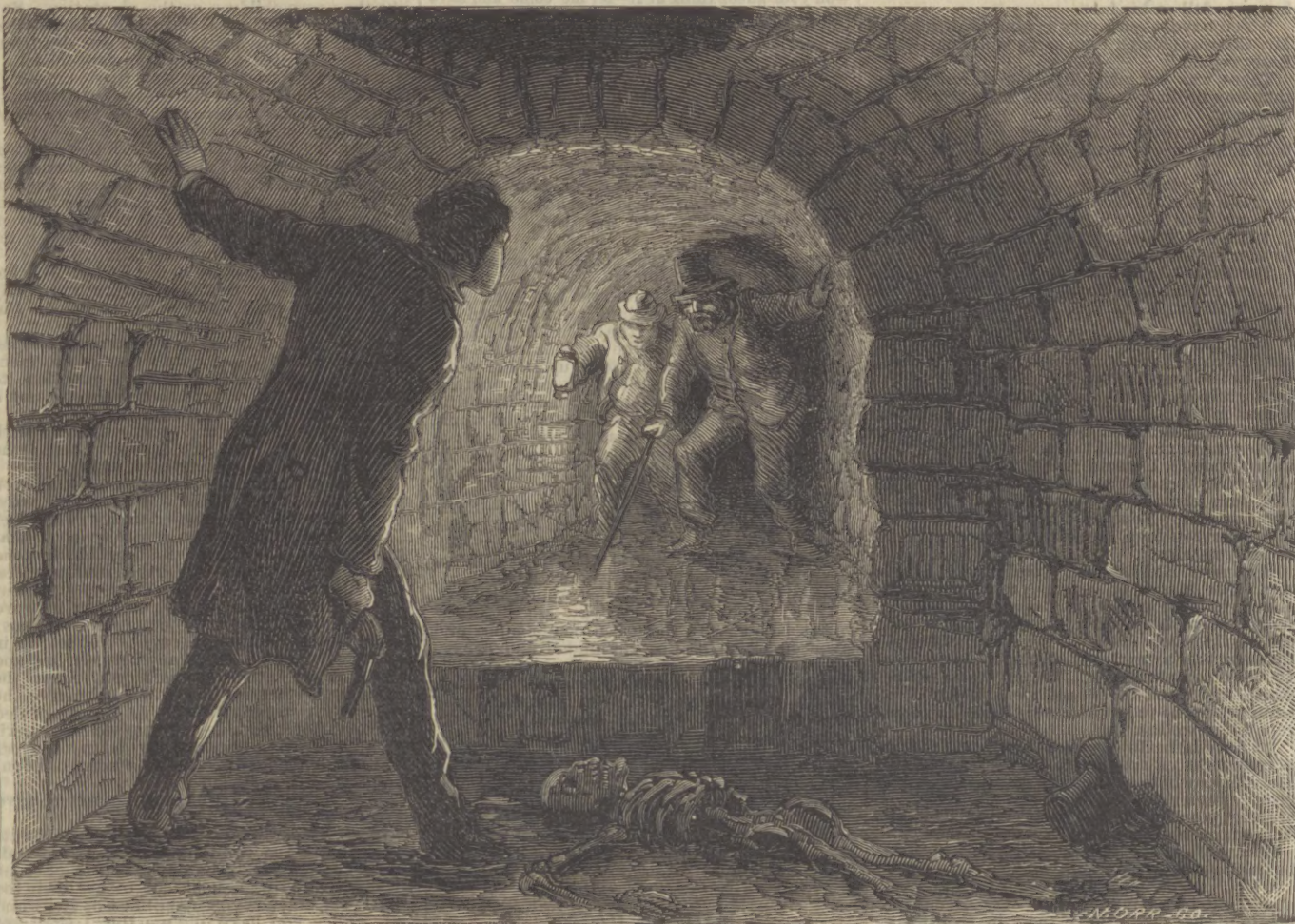
There were some twelve families in the house, two on each floor, and though each set of rooms only comprised four apartments, yet two or three of the families managed to get along with a couple of rooms, and so either to let furnished apartments, or to take boarders.

The poor huddle together like sheep in this great, overgrown city of New York.

Just one month had Percy been an inmate of the house, and he had briefly said upon taking possession of his quarters, a little bedroom in the rear on the fifth floor, that his name was Reginald Percy, and that he was a writer by profession.

The landlady, a hard-faced, sour-looking woman, known as Mrs. Charlotte Durpoint, dress-maker, who contrived to get along with two rooms and rented the others with board, was not much given to gossip, and, although some of the tenants of the house had noticed the man so striking in his appearance, and commented upon it, yet who he was was not generally known.

There is very little gossip among the toiling



Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on his revolver, he waited for the approach of the two strangers.

denizens of the hives of the great city, strange to say.

Possibly the constant struggle with the gaunt monster, cruel Want, checks the exchange of confidences, for it is a fact that a family may live for years in a tenement-house, occupied by fifteen or twenty families, and yet not know a single soul within the building besides the janitor who takes charge of it.

Percy unlocked the door of his apartment and entered.

Striking a match he lit a small coal-oil lamp which was upon the table.

Hardly had he performed this operation when there was a low tap upon the door.

In some surprise, for he was never troubled with visitors, Percy opened the door, revealing the person of his landlady, Mrs. Durpoint.

"I want to speak a few words with you," the lady said, briefly.

As we have informed the reader, in person she was stern and forbidding, a woman above the medium height, coarse featured, angularly built, with a very masculine appearance.

It was quite evident that her battle with the world had been a hard one and that she had suffered in the fight.

Percy withdrew a step or two so that the landlady could enter, which she immediately did, closing the door carefully behind her.

"You had better sit down, as what I have to say may occupy some time," Mrs. Durpoint said, in her harsh, vinegar-toned voice, at the same time helping herself to a chair.

Percy looked astonished, but he only nodded his head and sat down upon the side of the bed; the apartment only boasted a single chair.

"I'm a woman of the world," Mrs. Durpoint began, "I've seen a good deal of life, and I generally mind my own business."

Percy nodded, as much as to say that he accepted this statement without question.

"I don't interfere with my neighbors much, I don't," she continued, "but I'm no fool, and I guess that I can see what's afore my eyes as well as most folks. Mr. Percy, you're just a wasting your time, and you might as well know it first as last."

"Wasting my time?" he observed, slowly, a peculiar look in his keen eyes, out of the corners of which he was intently regarding the woman.

"Of course you don't know what I mean—I am utterly surprised and all that sort of thing!" she exclaimed, with an indignant snort. "I see I've got to speak right plain, for I, for one, don't believe in beating about the bush. When you came here and wanted to take this room and board with me you said your name was Percy, and that you wrote for the newspapers; and I never contradicted you, although I knew just as well who you were—for I've seen you afore—as if you were my own brother."

The man did not manifest any astonishment at this declaration; there was no change perceptible in his features except that a few wrinkles appeared on his forehead.

"You said your name was Percy and you said in advance, that was all right; that satisfied me; I knew that you was up to something, but it was none of my business I thought; but now that I find out what your game is, I see that I might as well take a hand, too, for without me you'll never be able to do anything."

"Yes?" said the man, in the most non-committal manner possible.

"True as true can be!" exclaimed the woman, decidedly. "You want this girl, Adalia Cumerton, but you don't stand any more chance of getting her than you do of the moon."

"Indeed?" and Percy's naughty lip curled just a bit.

"Why a man like you should want to waste your time on such a shallow-faced chit, or take such trouble about a girl not much better than a street beggar is a wonder; but you know your own business, of course, and that matter is nothing to me; but you won't succeed; there's another man in the way."

Percy gave close attention now.

"A butcher boy—keeps in the market on the next block; the girl got acquainted with him when she used to go after my meat, as she does sometimes now. I met them out walking last Sunday night. Until he's out of the way, you won't get the girl, and even if you succeed in arranging that matter, I doubt if you will ever get her. But if you say the word, and agree to pay me my price, I'll give her to you."

Percy laughed—a light hollow laugh with very little merriment in it.

"Are you not promising me more than you can perform?" he asked.

"Of course I don't mean by fair means," she answered, tartly. "Openly and honestly she'll never be yours. I had a talk with her to-day, and I just scolded her about the matter. I told her that I guessed that you and she would make a match, but she turned as white as death and shuddered at the very thought. Mind you, the bare idea frightened the girl. 'Oh, no!' she cried, 'I shall never marry anybody—there is a grave between me and the love of any honest man!' and she meant it, too; but I guess the butcher boy would be able to make her think differently. But there's some mystery about her past life; she's as dumb as an oyster about it. You just think over what I've said; a few hundred dollars is nothing to you," and the woman rose to go. "I'll fix the job for you, for there's something about the girl that makes me hate her, although I can't tell what it is."

And then Mrs. Durpoint departed, leaving the man to meditate upon the offer.

#### CHAPTER VI. BENEATH THE EARTH.

NEVER was there a man more thoroughly taken by surprise than the handsomely-dressed stranger when the concealed trap opened beneath his feet and he was precipitated into the awful gulf below.

And the moment he passed through the trap, the partitioned sides again sprung back into their places. It was a cunningly-devised piece of machinery, and when the surface of the trap was covered with a few inches of earth, as it had been upon the entrance of the stranger into the cellar, no instinct of mortal man could have detected the dangerous contrivance.

Twelve feet at least he fell, but the shock of the fall was broken by the soft nature of the ground beneath, and, although well shaken up by the fall, the man received no material damage.

Sudden as had been the descent, yet, almost involuntarily, the victim had braced himself to meet the shock.

Thoughts come quickly in such moments of peril, and during the time of the descent the man had speculated as to the nature of the fate that awaited him.

"An old well, undoubtedly," his thoughts ran, "and with water enough to drown me like a helpless rat; no chance of escape, no hope of rescue, even if I can succeed in clinging to the stones of the sides and so for a time evade a watery death. The police will come—they will search the old rookery when I am missed, but the odds are a hundred to one that they will not discover the trap in the cellar; and if they do, the chances are that, long before that time, I shall be past all mortal help, for even if I can succeed in clinging to the stones of the wall, strength must fail at last, and it will be hours, perhaps days, before I may expect help."

All these speculations passed with lightning-like rapidity through the brain of the entrapped man; but the water idea was proven to be but a guess the moment terra firma was reached.

The bottom consisted of soft, sticky mud.

The violence of the shock brought the man to his knees, and being severely shaken up by the concussion, he remained for a few moments motionless, and then to his ears came the sounds of the assassins above, replacing the earth over the trap, thus again concealing the frightful contrivance.

Man of iron nerve as was the police spy, he

shivered when to his ears came the sounds of the clods of earth falling upon the surface of the trap.

So might a man buried alive and struggling within the close confines of his narrow coffin suddenly revived to consciousness, hear the shovelfuls of earth falling with dull thud upon his wooden prison-house.

To be buried alive! A fearful thought—more terrible perhaps to this man, alive, well in full possession of all his faculties, every limb unfettered, than to the helpless tenant of the undertaker's coffin. He, so well prepared to struggle for life, muscular, cunning in all the tricks of the wrestler's and boxer's art, a match for a half-score of ordinary men, to perish in this untimely way, conquered by a foe who shrewdly denied him the chance to exert the strength and skill he possessed to such a wondrous degree.

The sounds above soon ceased, the silence of the tomb ensued, and the police spy realized that his triumphant foes had abandoned him to his miserable fate.

What earthly chance had he to escape? He rose to his feet.

He did not despair, this man of iron nerve, for hard fortune and he had shaken hands daily for many a long year.

Ample provided was he for all emergencies; fully armed, a small self-cocking revolver in each side-pocket, a third thrust into the inside pocket of his vest, and a six-inch bowie-knife, keen as a razor, hung in a leathern sheath at his side, handy to his right hand, an open attack would have been boldly met; and, in addition to his weapons, he carried in his coat-pocket a small but powerful bull's-eye lantern.

Igniting a match, he lit the lantern and proceeded to take a survey of the prison-house into which he had been so unceremoniously introduced.

As he had surmised, it was an old well, about five feet in diameter, the walls composed of rough stones, but they were carefully laid and the entire surface was so smooth that the prisoner perceived at a glance that it would be a hopeless task to attempt to scale them, even if there was any chance of forcing open the heavy trap-door above.

The disappearance of the water from the well was easily accounted for. Right opposite to each other were two openings in the walls, each one about four feet high by three feet broad.

The police spy at once guessed the riddle.

"Some subterranean stream has forced in the one wall of the well and then forced out the other in its passage to the river," he muttered.

"Fate does not always aid these vile wretches," he continued. "It is evident that they do not know of the existence of this underground passage, which has cut directly through the well. They believed, when they sprung the trap and hurled me into this pit, that they condemned me to a lingering but certain death; but as the water has evidently found its way to the river, there is no reason why I should not be able to do likewise. They have played the first trump, but one trick is not the game."

"There was menace in the tone of the speaker, and if the cunning, but desperate, outlaws in the dingy saloon above had overheard the words, perhaps their jests in regard to the easy manner in which they had disposed of a dangerous intruder, would not have appeared so funny."

"Now, which way shall I turn?" murmured the spy, flashing the light of the lantern alternately at the two openings in the wall of the well. "Which way leads to the river? If the stream was still flowing I could easily determine."

He stooped down to see if there was any water trickling through the mud in which he stood, and as he flashed the light of the lantern downward the bright rays fell upon something white and ghastly, which caused even the stern-nerved police spy to start.

The bones of a murdered man were before him, within arm's length—murdered he was certain, for the handle of a knife protruded

from the mud in which the remains were partially imbedded.

The clothes of the victim had long since rotted away and disappeared, the rats and other vermin of the underground passage had feasted full upon the flesh, and naught but the white and polished bones remained.

It was plain that the man—the discoverer assumed that it was a man—had been stabbed in the den above and then hurled into the old well, the murderers never even taking the trouble to remove the knife with which the deed had been done, but had left it sticking in the body.

"Heaven give me strength and ability to bring these wretches to justice!" he cried in stern accents. "I was buried within this old well that I might be forever silenced, for it is plain that in some mysterious way my errand was suspected and my death decreed; but fate wills that I shall not only escape but bear with me the story of this hidden crime, which else might never have seen the light. If I could only find some clew now by means of which I could discover who the victim was, perhaps I might be able to bring the deed home to the perpetrators."

Then, acting on this thought, he bent over, and by the aid of the brilliant light of the lantern closely examined the ghastly remains.

The ways of fate are sometimes marvelously strange, and often the merest chance leads to the detection of the most skillfully concealed crime.

Murder will out, they say, and, in truth, the old adage sometimes is wonderfully correct.

A little heap of earth resting against one of the rib bones attracted the keen eyes of the spy.

It looked to him as if something was hidden underneath.

In a second he proved that his suspicion was correct.

Inside of the heap was a small package about eight inches long by four wide, and about an inch thick.

Carefully removing the thick coating of mud which besmeared the package, the spy discovered to his intense satisfaction that the article was a large Russian-leather pocket-book, securely wrapped in a long piece of cloth.

"A clew! a clew!" he cried in glee. "Heaven for the moment allowed these villains seemingly to triumph, only that, in the end, their crime should be discovered, and they, the guilty ones, brought to justice!"

#### CHAPTER VII. THE LEGACY OF DEATH.

WITH a nervous hand the bloodhound of the law unrolled the wrapper which had protected the book from the ravages of the water so well, and opened it.

It contained only a single article; just a common sheet of note-paper, folded lengthwise.

The spy opened it; the sheet was filled with closely-written characters traced in pencil, but, thanks to the care with which the pocket-book had been prepared, the writing was still quite legible notwithstanding the exposure it had undergone.

It was indorsed at the head as follows:

"THE STATEMENT OF MILTON BULLCASTOR."

"Oh!" cried the spy, as he read the bold and firmly-written lines: "I remember him, or, at least, the name is familiar to me. Let me think—who was he?"

For a moment he puzzled over the question, and then all of a sudden the remembrance flashed upon him.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed. "Milton Bullcastor, lawyer, of the firm of Bullcastor and Bullcastor, their office on lower Broadway; father and son; Milton was the father; he disappeared about a year ago, and when his affairs came to be examined, it was discovered that he had appropriated to his own use about eighty or ninety thousand dollars, trust funds committed to his care by his clients. He had speculated in stocks, lost largely, and finding that he was on the verge of discovery, he helped himself to all the funds that he could lay hold of, and disappeared; supposed to have escaped to Brazil. These are his bones, I presume. He found a grave in this hole, while all the world supposed that he was enjoying his ill-gotten gains in far-off Brazil. And his money—the money of which he robbed his trusting clients—who got that? The villains who murdered him? Yes, no doubt of it!"

The police spy again resumed the perusal of the paper.

"As I am apprehensive that I shall never quit this house alive, the writing ran, 'I am desirous to leave behind me some clew to my fate, in the hopes that it may fall into the hands of some one who will convey it to the proper authorities in order that the vile scoundrels, into whose clutches I have been betrayed, and who I am sure intend to make away with me in order to possess themselves of the valuables which by some means, I am certain, they know I possess, shall be brought to justice. I have been a weak and guilty man, and now, with death staring me in the face, I earnestly ask pardon of the poor souls whom I have wronged and beggared, and I fully realize that the way of the transgressor is hard. My affairs have been involved for some time, and finding that it would be impossible to stave off the exposure of my guilt in using my clients' money as if it had been my own, I resolved to take what I could and fly, hoping that in a foreign land fortune might favor me so that I would be able to pay back the money I had taken. A single man knew my secret, Reginald Percy, a Wall street broker, with whom I had dealings. In some mysterious way he either knew, or suspected, I was using my clients' money, and openly told me so. From him I received the first intimation that suspicion had been excited in regard to myself, and that I had better get together what I could and fly. He gave me directions how to find this place, where I now am, a password, 'I'm a friend of Captain Shark, and need assistance,' and told me that the people here would procure me a disguise and in time smuggle me out of the country; but I am convinced that this man, Percy, has betrayed me, and that I am in a den of murderers who only await a favorable moment to put the knife to my throat. I have, concealed in a money belt around my waist, the sum of about ten thousand dollars in Bank of England notes—forty fifty-pound notes. Intending to go to California and then to China I procured the English notes, thinking that they would not draw suspicion to me as would the free use of our own money, as I intended to pass myself off as an Englishman. The numbers of the notes are '—and here followed the numbers of the entire forty. 'I was cordially received here; told that I must conceal myself for a time, and was then conducted to a small room, the



window at which was barred by a heavy shutter; the door had been kept constantly locked, a measure of precaution only to keep out the police, they say, but I fear it is more to keep out the thieves. The names of two of the fellows I have learned, Louis Giroude and Anatole Duca, and I am sure that the man who will probably be the door of the dead. I will find this paper in my pocket-book, wrap the book up well in strips of cloth, so as to preserve it, and seal it in the line of my coat, trusting that time will bring it to light and that it may fall into the hands of some one willing and able to bring the truth to justice. (Signed) MILTON BELLECASTOR.

Carefully the police man perused the paper, and a gleam of joy illuminated his stern face. "Alas, I have them safe enough if I can only succeed in escaping from this hole!" he exclaimed. "This Percy—he is evidently the chief of the gang. This guilty fugitive predicted his fate only too correctly. The fifty-pound notes should be easily traced. It would be a rare stroke of luck if at the first attempt I should succeed in bringing these daring and bloody-handed villains to justice. But, what course had I better pursue? Let me think."

For a few moments the spy meditated over the matter. "I will replace the pocket-book, leave everything just as they were when I discovered them, then have the police make a descent upon the place and examine this pit. The knife, too, with which the deed was evidently done may lead to the discovery of the murderers."

Carefully then he replaced the paper in the pocket-book, wound the cloth around it, returned it to its original position and covered it with the sticky soil.

"And now to escape from this den of horrors," he muttered, casting a searching glance into the open, tunnel-like space at his right hand. Hardly had he done so when a cry of amazement broke from his lips.

Afar off, on the narrow tunnel was a gleam of light—a yellow star cutting the Egyptian-like darkness. Not a stationary light but one in motion, evidently coming from a lantern borne by human hands.

"It is steadily advancing," the spy muttered. "I must be cautious; more likely foes than friends. The chances are great that my presence here is not suspected, for the light of my lantern is directed against the wall, but even as he spoke he shut off the light of the bull's-eye and utter darkness again reigned."

Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on one of his revolvers, he waited for the approach of the strangers. Nearer and nearer came the light; soon he could distinguish that the bearer of the lantern was not alone, but accompanied by a single companion.

The first thought of the police spy was that the twain were a pair of the thieves coming to complete their work, but when the newcomers came so near that their words could be distinguished, he saw at once that he was in error.

"Mon Dieu! I am afraid that we shall never find our way out!" the man with the lantern exclaimed. "Oh, keep on, father; this passage must lead somewhere."

The two then entered into the well and a cry of astonishment came from them as they beheld the tall figure of the police spy, now standing erect by the wall.

The newcomers were father and son, as their words indicated. Frenchmen, evidently, dressed poorly, their clothes now covered with mud, but with honest faces.

"Do not be alarmed," the spy said; "I presume that you, like myself, have lost your way in the sewer, and are now trying to find your way out."

With the appearance of the two men the true solution of the riddle as to the drainage of the old well had flashed instantly upon the mind of the spy.

A sewer had been run through it, and the thieves, ignorant of it, supposed when they threw their victims down the well that there was no escape for them.

"Yes, sir," responded the old man, "my son and myself are very poor, and we supposed that by descending into the sewers we might be able to pick up some valuable articles, but the sewers here are not like those of Paris. We lost our way, and for the last two hours we have been wandering vainly about endeavoring to find a way out."

"This way, I think, leads to the river," the spy said, pointing to the other side of the well. "By following it then we can get out?"

"It is likely." And then to the ears of the speakers there came a strange, hollow sound.

They gazed at each other in wonder, but the mystery was soon solved by the sudden rush of a large body of water into the well.

The tide was rising! (To be continued—commenced in No. 420.)

## Rosamond's Wedding.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ROSAMOND was standing so perfectly still on the high gray bowlder that had been the bank of the swift deep river hundreds and hundreds of years, that Steele Conway, walking silently, rapidly toward her, thought how like an exquisite statue she looked—tall, graceful, elegant in the marble repose of her position.

She wore black, as usual, not mourning, but because in winter she preferred it, as she invariably wore and preferred white in summer—black of thick soft cashmere trimmed with a profusion of shining jet bugles that made a curious little sound when she walked, and that just now, as she stood so perfectly still, was no breath of wind to stir even a tress of the intensely black, glossy hair that was swept loosely, waveling off her lovely forehead, were all a-gleam in the late afternoon sunshine.

Beyond her the river spread and widened until the further shore looked more than a mile away; between her and Steele Conway was nothing to break his view of her, as he walked up, quick, still to where she stood out so clearly defined against the clear western sky whose blue tint was fading almost into the tender gray that precedes the sunset.

She had not heard his footsteps until he had reached her nearly enough to speak to her, and then a little sudden horror and repulsion came into her wistful eyes—such lovely, passionate, unsatisfied eyes—as he spoke to her.

"Shall I say 'Patience on a monument,' fair Rosamond? I am not anxious, however, that the latter clausule of the hackneyed quotation shall be literally applied—smiling at Grief—that is, if I am to personate that unfortunate individual."

As she turned he raised his hat with easy grace, smiling as he met her grave glance. Then he gave her his hand to assist her down—and she refused it, quietly.

"It is not necessary, Mr. Conway. I can get down just as easily as I have often done. I was expecting you to-day."

Not a vestige of welcome gladness was on her fair, serene face—a face so absolutely perfect in feature, expression and coloring that it would have struck a fatal blow at Steele Conway's worldliness, and then she had decided to let her heart, her mother—her lovely, gentle, lady-mother.

And Steele Conway gave her the accused paper, and went away, exultant, content. The weeks went by, and the wedding-day came near, and then, one sweet spring sunset, when Rosamond was walking alone beside the river, Pierce Meridon overlooked her, his grave, grand face lighting at sight of her as he came suddenly beside her.

"You have been avoiding me so long, Rosie—anything the matter? Tell me you are glad to see me again, dear."

He had never spoken so familiarly before, and every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush rapturously in her veins at sound of the sweet, eager tones. But—

And she—well, Rosamond thought this morning that rather than let this man take her in his arms and kiss her she would jump from the mossy gray bowlder into the icy river.

All the pressure brought to bear upon her in Steele Conway's favor had been in vain. All his own pleadings had but added to her distrust and dislike, and yet—here he was to-day expected by her.

A fortnight ago he had made her a proposal of marriage, to which she had replied by return mail in a courteous negative. By the next mail he wrote again, urging his suit ardently, arguing his case with an eager masterfulness that for the first time made her admire a characteristic of his, and assuring her he was not at all disposed to take her refusal as a final answer. That he was willing to wait, and that he should wait confident in hope of ultimate favor in her sight.

To this last letter Rosamond had made no reply. She knew the character of the man well enough to be sure he would personally come to further press his suit, and knowing so perfectly well that nothing would be likely to induce her to change her mind, she had not much cared whether he came or not.

So he had come, and failing to find her in the house, had gone down to the river to meet her, wearing an expression of exultant delight in his eyes as he went down the road; an expression he veiled with one of worshipping reverence, as, after what he intended for his merry bantering greeting, he walked beside her toward home, looking in her face at his grave indifference, then striving to banish that old expression of exulting satisfaction from his own.

Rosamond was the first to break the brief silence that fell upon them; and she broke it with her eyes fast on his face, and her voice coolly, "You have taken a very great deal of trouble, Mr. Conway, which I am sorry will be so thanklessly repaid."

There was no mistaking her meaning—one that any ordinary man would have felt bound to accept. Steele Conway smiled—not even trying to hide that curious exultation, as he answered her.

"Which pleasant way of putting it, means no, Rosamond? I have not traveled seven hundred miles to hear you refuse me so coolly. My object is to have you for my wife, and I intend to accomplish my object before I return."

She flashed him a wondering, haughty look. He met it almost defiantly, for all the smile that curled his handsome lips, and went on, coolly, deliberately.

"I tried honestly to win your love by the strength and force of my own. I have failed, I see—not so much, I take it, because of my own unworthiness, as of my misfortune in being second in the line, with Pierce Meridon for my rival. You thought because you had never spoken his name, I did not know. You see I do; and although I would rather have triumphed over him because you chose me above him, still I am content to purchase my victory at another cost. You will marry me, Rosamond, although you love Meridon. Do you want me to tell you why?"

Rosamond had listened; wonderingly, haughtily, with surges of warm color flowing and ebbing in her cheeks. As Conway finished, she said, with a withering scornful contempt, "My object is to have you for my wife, and I intend to accomplish my object before I return."

She flashed him a wondering, haughty look. He met it almost defiantly, for all the smile that curled his handsome lips, and went on, coolly, deliberately.

"I have hitherto supposed you were at least a gentleman; I now discover my mistake. If Mr. Meridon is to be brought into discussion, I greatly prefer he shall have the amusement of hearing your remarks. Be so good as to consider yourself."

His teeth fairly grated against each other, but he kept his wrath well.

"You would be utterly cruel to me, Rosamond, but I shall not allow it. Listen, one moment, please. You have seen this—dismiss me. I obey, it shall be to go directly from your presence to that of a magistrate, before whom, if you do not consent to marry me, I will lay a forged check I have in my possession—a paper which is the incontrovertible proof of my father's, our father's, crime."

A month ago of which you never knew, which no one but he and I know, from the consequences of which nothing can save him from being inside the jail within an hour, with the charming prospect of being transferred to the State's prison for life."

A mute, stony horror came into the girl's face that turned ashen and terror-stricken, as she suddenly recalled a hundred little incidents during the past few weeks at home which had a little mystified her, but that were clear as daylight in the light of this awful revelation.

A fierce rage at this man's power and her powerlessness came over her; then a sharp, agonizing woe, and another accession of terror that was almost fear—such a pitiful feeling for this brave, proud girl to have to feel.

Conway read every passing emotion, and then he smiled pleasantly.

"I see you are somewhat surprised—and no wonder, although I have long known your father was a rascal. This time he shall suffer for it unless you consent to marry me. I have power, and I do you the credit to believe you are sure I will not hesitate to use it. Rosamond, will you be my wife? Yes? I will give you this forged check to tear in pieces, your father will never know his daughter knew his disgrace. No. Well—if you prefer to be the child of a jail-bird, if you would like to see your mother's heart broken with grief and shame, your home sold over your head and your father sent to State's prison for twenty—thirty years."

Rosamond gave a little gasp of horror. "You cruel, heartless wretch! You—"

All the smiles died out of his fair, steely face. "You may one day regret having called your husband such an unflattering name. Is it yes, and things to go on as they are going, or no, and its consequences?"

Things to go on as they were going! The horrible sarcasm made a faint sickness grasp her heart, and fade the light of the day into a dull glimmer. As they were—she to go on respecting her father, she to go on thinking of Pierce Meridon, free to love, free to marry, free to be free to take him when he should ask her! It was impossible that it ever could go on that blessed way again.

On the other side—and when she tried to reason her way out of it, her soul shrunk in sick horror and pain from it all.

That evening she went quietly down in the parlor where Steele Conway awaited her, having generously offered her two hours of grace.

"I am forced to accept you on your own terms, and I wish you to distinctly understand that even if there was no other one I loved, your mercilessness to me would have effectually prevented even my respect for you. But, for my mother's sake, to save her the home she loves so well, for my father's sake, I will marry you."

Those two hours of grace had not been idle hours to her. She had gone straight to her father, and learned that Conway's charge was true. She had seen a strong man's shame and agony, and heard his prayer for mercy and pity, and then—she had decided to let her heart, her mother—her lovely, gentle, lady-mother.

And Steele Conway gave her the accused paper, and went away, exultant, content. The weeks went by, and the wedding-day came near, and then, one sweet spring sunset, when Rosamond was walking alone beside the river, Pierce Meridon overlooked her, his grave, grand face lighting at sight of her as he came suddenly beside her.

"You have been avoiding me so long, Rosie—anything the matter? Tell me you are glad to see me again, dear."

He had never spoken so familiarly before, and every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush rapturously in her veins at sound of the sweet, eager tones. But—

She turned her woeful face sharply toward him.

"Yes, I am glad—not! not—I must not be glad, for something is the matter. Oh, Mr. Meridon, I have been waiting for you."

He looked at the forefinger she held toward him, his face growing a trifle paler, a slight unsteadiness coming to his voice.

"Ah, I was very awkward; I beg your pardon. I had not heard. Pardon my stupidity, Miss Rosamond—I will say good-evening."

And that was as near to, and yet so far from happiness, as Rosamond had ever known—poor little dark-eyed girl!

After that, the preparations for the wedding went on rapidly, and the days were very much alike except that each brought more utter sickness of heart to her, more utter despair of the future that held no faintest gleam of promising happiness.

In those days she seldom saw Pierce Meridon. It was better so, she knew, and yet his heart was starved for the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand. And to think she would have to live on and on, never daring to love him—she, the wife of another man, whom she hated and despised, whose presence made her shiver in disgust.

It was terrible—the experience of those days—the particular experience of one particular day when there came to her a letter, hastily pencilled on a leaf torn from Pierce Meridon's memorandum-book.

By the merest accident he had just overheard enough of a conversation between her father and the man you are to marry to understand why you are lost to me—if you will let yourself be lost to me, if you will permit the famous saying—'I am lost to you'—to be applied to you. Think again—on your knees think of it—let me come and save you—let me stand between you and a trouble that will ruin you for life. You have taken a very great deal of trouble, Mr. Conway, which I am sorry will be so thanklessly repaid."

And as she was reading it she heard Steele Conway's light sarcastic laugh over her shoulder.

"Shall you answer that precious epistle, Rosamond? Shall he 'come'?"

And then, fear was added to her other horror of him, as she met his smiling, murderously-smiling eyes that had read her letter, to which she sent her answer, later that day.

"God bless you for your words, but nothing can be changed. Good-by forever."

That was one week before the wedding. And the seven intervening days went by and the hour came when, before the few selected friends who had been invited to the ceremony, the bride and groom stood up in her white marriage robes, beside Steele Conway, and the minister was reading the solemnly beautiful service, and the question was asked who would give Rosamond away—just as with a sudden wilder mother and Pierce Meridon and the clutches at his collar, and a sudden gasp of agony, Rosamond's father, for whom she was deliberately sacrificing her young life—Rosamond's father, perhaps because the heart-breaking pity of it all affected him so strongly—fell to the floor in an apoplectic fit from which, ten minutes later, he died—died in the wedding clothes, with Rosamond's arms around his neck.

Then, while Steele Conway stood in the rooms below, with disturbed countenance and silent curses on his lips, Rosamond and her bewildered mother and Pierce Meridon and the minister, to whom a strange romance had been briefly, convincingly told, were assembled in a quiet room, and a marriage ceremony was performed that forever freed Rosamond Meridon from the power of Steele Conway; the ceremony, the knowledge of which made that gentleman rave and threaten, and finally disappear in bitter disappointment and jealous fury.

And a ceremony which was like the opening of the gold-and-jeweled gates of Heaven to the girl who reaped fair harvests of happiness ever after.

## MINNIE DALE.

BY JOSEPH D. MILLER.

Beautiful as the sweet dawn  
Of an early summer day,  
Or the flowers in her garden,  
Or the song-birds' happy lay,  
Beautiful as crystal dew-drops  
Sparkling in the sun's bright ray.

And a voice of angel sweetness,  
Like the laughing water's flow,  
And blue eyes like liquid violets,  
Fringed with lashes drooping low,  
And her hair, like a golden tress,  
Or with gentle mistletoe glow.

God grant she may still remain  
Ever gentle, sweet and fair,  
And may heaven-sent angels guard,  
And watch and ward her everywhere,  
And may virtue's emblem gleam  
Ever brightly in her hair!

## Madcap,

## The Little Quakeress;

OR,

## The Naval Cadet's Wooing.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

HE COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT HER!

"GIVE me a little time!" pleaded poor Ethel, as the Cuban stood before her, looking her through with those keen eyes.

Her whole being shrank from the woman. If she could she would have sunk through the floor to escape that look. A strong shuddering took hold of her—a retreating of her soul into its own depths, to hide from that scrutiny.

Ethel, in the days of her prosperity, when she had ruled, queen of the house and queen of her set, had been very proud. Not arrogant—kind to the poor and sympathetic with others' woes—yet with a strong sense of the worth of blood, and that refinement which comes from several generations of culture. She had been proud of her father and family. She had an unspoken but active idea that she was the better clay than made up the majority of mankind—that she was bound to be very gentle and considerate to her inferiors—but they were inferiors.

Now, every atom of her being quivered and shrank from her fate, as she faced this stranger, with white face and piteous eyes, waiting to hear her make that claim upon her which she expected her to make—waiting to hear her say: "You are my child! My blood runs in your veins! You may live here as you do now. I will do it is your duty to call me 'mother.'"

Ah! if she might not hear that said! It was nothing to be poor, but to be humbled by such a mother as this would be terrible. The Cuban continued to gaze on her calmly.

"Shall I speak now?" she asked, after a long pause. Ethel bowed her head, for the word of assent would not come.

A flickering smile that had the glint of a laugh in it—a sarcastic laugh—came into the Cuban's eyes. "You have been informed, I dare say, that you are my child?" she began.

Again Ethel slightly inclined her head. "And you do not fancy such a mother?"

This time there was absolutely no response. "I do not blame you. You were brought up to believe yourself a lady—to be one of the highest and purest people of your kind. You were educated to be proud and particular. I am responsible for that. I have made all the trouble."

I have been a bad, wicked woman in my day. I was very handsome when I was a girl; and I had ideas in my head of being more than people like me are generally. I flattered myself that my beauty would catch me a gentleman for a husband."

"I admired the young gentleman who came to see my young ladies. When I found that he would pay no attention to me, I was jealous and very revengeful. So did Donna Marie, poor lady. We entered into each other's feelings as completely as if she wasn't a lady and I her maid. But you know the story; I won't repeat it. When the proposition to exchange babies was made to me, I not only saw a chance to spite my mother, but I saw a chance to adopt my own darling daughter."

"She should be a lady, if I could not! The haughty gentleman should lavish his caresses and his wealth on my child—should love her as his own—should give her, in good time, to some rich lover, who would keep his wife in diamonds and give her a golden dish to eat out of every day."

"The idea tickled me; it was not hard to persuade me to do that wicked thing. Girl! you ought not to blame me so much! Had I not done it, what would you be now?—little better than a slave on some Cuban plantation!—no education, no manners of a fine lady. You could not have played the pianer, nor painted them pretty pictures I see here, nor looked so like a queen. I'm proud of you now; and I don't want you to feel that I've got some money laid up for you; and I've no doubt you can make as good a match as any of 'em yet."

"And I've done as well by that other girl as I could."

"I don't all I could for her. My conscience wouldn't bear it, to see her growing up, a most like the negro children on the plantation. So I made up a plan; and when she was between nine and ten, I give out that she was dead, and I got her spirited away to a convent-school. I was well able to pay her way there, out of all my money that Donna Marie gave me for always doing what she wanted; and I'd always had good wages and lots of presents."

"So it was let on at the school that she was the niece of a rich old man, up in the mountains, who was educating her for his heiress; and she needn't do a hand's turn of work, but was brought up like a lady. She graduated in that convent last year. She sings, plays, talks French an' Italian, and embroiders beautiful."

"She's as handsome as a picture, like her poor mother was. She's just as much of a lady as if she had been brought up to home. She fully believes I'm her mother."

"Now, what I come to you about was this: you're my child. But I ain't going to torment you with that—I'm going to leave you alone to do as you please. You needn't never come a step near me, nor acknowledge me."

Here she stopped and contemplated, with bright, cunning eyes the face of Ethel, who stood, like a statue, gazing back at her.

"I come to see you about this. Seeing you can't have Cyril Wainwright's property, any more, I'm disappointed in my plans after all, and that little cat who was married to that gambler gets everything; and they'll both spend it as soon as they can—under the circumstances, will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward Cyril Wainwright's real daughter's claim?"

Don't you think that girl ought to be set up in her rights? If the conspiracy between me and Donna Marie is proved, don't you think the courts will set aside the will and restore the property to his daughter? As she concluded these questions, an indescribable gleam of anxiety, artfulness, and avarice shined in her eyes.

"Yes," Ethel answered, after a moment's consideration. "Is it my duty to criminate myself to give her her rights?"

"Yes. Undoubtedly. If you do not do it, now, I shall force you to do it, by betraying all you have told me. That poor victim of your wickedness has been kept out of her own too long! The amends you make must be swift and sure. Seeing I'm disappointed in my plans after all, and that little cat who was married to that gambler gets everything; and they'll both spend it as soon as they can—under the circumstances, will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward Cyril Wainwright's real daughter's claim?"

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"Certainly. Everybody sees it but you."

"Impertinent!"

"What?—Mr. Evelyn or myself?"

"Both of you. What business has he to think of such a thing?"

"The same business that any earnest, honest man has, I suppose. He is a gentleman, I am sure, mademoiselle; and he has an education and a profession. He seems an excellent person—not one of your conceited, thistle-down fellows, like Mr. Leigh."

"Lizette, don't worry me with talk about Mr. Evelyn. I do not intend ever to fall in love, or ever



door. As her bidding the door swung open, and the Cuban led in the young lady whom we have seen with her in their apartments.

"Miss Ethel," said the Cuban, "this is Olive—so called—but truly Ethel, while you are my Olive."

The two girls looked at each other with fascinated gaze.

The young stranger, careless and easy as was her manner, shrank a little under the calm eyes of the other.

Of the same age, both tall and of graceful figure, both lovely of face, no wonder that they faced each other—under the curious circumstances of their meeting—with feelings of deepest interest.

But Ethel was not thinking so much even of the sumptuous charms of her rival, as of another thing. Her one keen thought was to look for some feature of her father's in this brilliant face.

"She must be all mother," was her decision, after a moment—"I do not see one expression—one curve or feature of my father here!"

The Cuban looked from one to the other of the two girls, as they regarded each other. There was a subtle glimmer of some thought—not an honest one—in her watchful, brilliant eyes.

But she had not long to continue her covert and cunning regard; for Mr. Dobell, with young Evelyn, arrived almost directly after her.

In another moment Cadet Leigh also knocked at the door; and as Ethel had not the least objection to his hearing the discussion of the evening, he was invited.

And now, on the appearance of these gentlemen, Ethel noticed a change in the girl whose history was so curiously linked in with her own. The dark eyes kindled, the velvety cheeks glowed, the little figure assumed most coquettish attitudes, and around the scarlet and budding lips played an almost insolent smile of expectation and triumph, which said, as plainly as words:

"Behold, how beautiful I am—how worthy of all that you can do, gentlemen, to raise me to that high position in which I will reign the queen of loveliness and love!"

Ethel perceived, too, the impression which this splendid, young creature made on her own true friend, Mr. Dobell. Men are easily dazzled by dark, smiling eyes and rosy cheeks; Mr. Dobell certainly was surprised and smitten by the dark beauty of the Southern girl—a beauty heightened by her magnificent dress—dress of a style which in the critical North, would have been called "stunning," but which, in a Southern clime, was considered appropriate. Ethel's plain black dress, fitting her elegant figure demurely, was in strong contrast to the lemon-colored satin robe and over-dress of finest white silk gauze—the bare arms and shoulders, the jewels and flowers in the purple-black hair of the other.

But this luxurious toilet had its effect on the men, as it was intended to have—on all the men except Evelyn; and whether love made his eyes sharper, or what, it proved that the splendid dress and smiling manner of the young Cuban stamped her, in his mind, as an adventuress.

In his eyes, Ethel, modest, sad, dignified—her pale cheeks flushed by the excitement of the hour—her pure brow beaming with soul—her mourning-dress clinging to her slight, supple form in plain folds—no ornament about her except the cluster of carnations in her dark hair—was a thousand times more womanly and more lovable than this brilliant tropical creature with her inappropriate full dress and her theatrical attitudes.

The story which Olive had to tell is too familiar to need repetition. She went over it in full, giving every detail, and so working it up with incident and the coloring of her own feelings that no doubt remained in Mr. Dobell's mind of its utter truth.

He was sorry for the girl whose friend he had been so long; but he could not help thinking—as he glanced at the splendid beauty who sat, smilingly, like a youthful Cleopatra, in her corner of the sofa—that her place would be well filled.

Cadet Leigh hardly attended to what was being said; he was so fascinated by those wonderful dark eyes, with their drooping lids and long, languid lashes.

"I am to make out the deposition, to which you will swear," said the lawyer, when Olive had told her story. "On the strength of this deposition I am to set about breaking the will, by means of which Mrs. Myra Garwell now enjoys the estates which belong—no court will dispute her rights—to the daughter of Cyril Wainwright. I do not anticipate much trouble," smiling, as he half-bowed to the young empress on the sofa.

"Mrs. Garwell has been lavish of the money," remarked the Cuban; "the sooner a stop is put to her squandering what is not her own the better."

"Ay," responded the lawyer, half-laughing, "John Garwell has got himself into a scrape. I pity his wife with all my heart."

"She does not deserve much pity," began the Cuban, but Ethel silenced her with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Myra is my cousin," she said, "please spare these remarks. It is dreadful to me that she should be such a victim to fate—lifted high to be dashed low. Have some respect for her disappointment." With a scornful, contemptuous look she swept a rebuking glance about the room.

Evelyn looked at her admiringly.

"True as steel to her friends!" he murmured, under his breath.

Evelyn had come here as an observer—not to take any part in the business—and as an observer he had watched every expression of the Cuban's face and marked every word of her story. He had not been satisfied with it. But it was not for him to challenge her.

"How soon can matters be arranged?" asked Olive.

"I don't know. The bride returns at the end of a fortnight. I shall see and talk with her, before taking the will into court. She may realize the force of necessity, and make over the property without an attempt to defend the will. I shall advise her to do so," answered Mr. Dobell.

"Ethel Wainwright," spoke the Cuban, in a loud voice, advancing to the girl on the sofa, "as it was I who wronged you, let me be the first to congratulate you, and she held out her hand."

"I forgive you," said the Southern girl, smiling round upon the others, and laying a jeweled hand in the woman's.

The little company was silent, looking on at this scene—an awkward one, one might think, for her who had grown up as Ethel Wainwright—hardly knowing what act was next on the programme—when, through the oppressive silence, in the air over their heads, came a thrilling, hollow, strange and solemn voice, saying:

"Mockery! The true Ethel Wainwright is she who has always borne that name. I know, now, that my infant child was never taken from me. Woman! REPEAT, while there is yet time! REPEAT! Undo thy falsehoods. Here, before these witnesses, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

The same voice which had spoken so often in that other house!

Even Ethel was startled and turned pale; the men glanced at one another and about the room, but made no remark.

The Cuban turned a sickly yellow and cast a terrified glance at the ceiling. But, as one making a great effort, she said, slowly, to those about her:

"I have told no lies. I have nothing to repent of."

"You are subtle and shy, but you cannot cheat the dead. Once more—speak the truth, or choose the alternative. Speak the truth, or I will never leave thee, night or day, living or dying. I will haunt thee evermore—by thy bed—in church—at midnight. Take thy choice!"

"Mary, Mother of Christ, drive this evil spirit away. As I live, I have spoken the

truth," gasped the woman, dropping on her knees.

"Take thy choice."

"I have spoken the truth."

"Thou hast made thy choice. Now, as one who has chosen, thou wilt abide with the spirits of the dead, thou shalt abide with me. And the Church, when it heareth of thy crime, shall excommunicate thee."

All the superstitious terrors of those of her class, who think they have pleased the Devil and offended the Church, gathered about the stout heart of the Cuban; and she wrestled with them long and sorely; for she was no coward; and all that she had coveted on earth was at stake; but this dreadful threat of excommunication, made by this ghastly and mysterious voice—this appalling idea of being dragged to live in churchyard vaults with disordered spirits—was more, even, than her strong and determined nature could bear.

Casting a glance of appeal, of anguish, at the beautiful girl who sat, pale and wide-eyed, staring about her in alarm, Olive dropped her head in her hands and groaned.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 412.)

## A Novel Craft.

The Story of a Brave Girl's Adventure.

BY CAPTAIN KING.

It was one September day in 1778, when Mary Moore found out that the American camp at Tarrytown was in danger of being surprised by the British.

And the way in which she found it out was this: She had been visiting at her aunt's for a few days. The aunt, a widow, who had made some business to attend to at a place about half-way between her residence and the American camp, and Mary had decided that it was wise to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded, and ride as far on her way home as possible. It was about noon when they reached the little country town where her uncle's way led in another direction from hers. It was still some eight miles to Tarrytown, but she thought little of an eight-mile walk. She had been brought up in a very different way from the girls of to-day, and the prospect, before her, occasioned her no uneasiness. If she did not reach home before dark, she could think of nothing to be afraid of.

She sat down in the little room which served as sitting and dining-room, and as the ride had been a weary one, she began very soon to feel drowsy, and it was not long before she fell asleep.

She was presently awakened by the sound of voices in the room. She did not stir, for the sense of being awake was hardly very active at that moment; but she opened her eyes, and a trifle to see who the other occupants of the room might be.

She could not help giving a little start of surprise when she made the discovery that her companions were men in the uniform of British officers.

"You'd better wake up the girl, Drake," one of them was saying. "It mightn't make any difference if she were to hear all we say, but we can't be too careful, you know."

"She's asleep," answered the other, "but anything short of an earthquake wouldn't wake her," answered the man called Drake. "There's no use in paying any attention to her. Go on with your plans, Thornton. I can't stay over half an hour, as I promised to meet Colonel Lee."

"Well, if you think it's safe, I'll risk it," answered Thornton, with a glance at Mary, who had closed her eyes, and was pretending to be fast asleep. "But if our plans should leak out before we get a chance to put them in operation, and get to the ears of the Americans, all my scheming's been useless."

Mary made up her mind that it was worth while to find out what those plans were. She wouldn't wake up yet awhile.

"You see," went on Thornton, "I've kept myself posted regarding the condition of affairs in the American camp, and I know they're pretty well starved out, but help is expected in a day or two. Now, if we can surprise them from north and south to-night, when they're entirely unprepared of danger, we can take them all prisoners, and if we're sharp after that, we can secure all the supplies they are looking for. They may be along any hour, and what we do must be done at once. If a detachment from your command can move down from your way north, about midnight, and have mine on the move, and—we've got them. That's the long and short of it. I've got my men scattered about between here and the camp, on all the roads and up and down the river, so that it is impossible for any one to communicate with it from this direction. Will you undertake the job with me?"

Mary listened to the whole conversation, and found out all she cared to know. She was apparently still asleep when the men took their departure.

"I must get word to the camp, in some way," she said, rousing up the moment the officers had left the room. "But, how am I to do it? If the roads are guarded, I will be discovered, and I run the same risk if I take to the woods."

She got up and left the room. It seemed as if she could think of nothing but this. She walked down to the river bank, and stood there for some minutes, casting about in her mind for a plan by which she could reach the American camp undiscovered and warn it of its danger.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon a tree-top which was floating down the stream, very near the shore. A swift idea came to her. Why could she not float down the river past the British soldiers under cover of the branches? It was not so great a distance by water as by the road, which crooked and twisted here and there to accommodate the scattered settlers. If she were to undertake this new way of navigation she felt sure she would reach the camp in time to put it to its guard, and enable it to save itself.

She watched her chance, and as the tree-top reached the bank in a bend below where she stood she clambered out upon it, and let herself down into the water, which was warm and not at all disagreeable. The thick branches hid her completely, as, with her arms supported by the limbs, she drifted along. Soon the tree-top reached the strong current and she moved along at a faster rate.

It seemed like a long afternoon to her. If she had estimated the distance by her impatience she would have called it ten times as great as it really was. More than once she passed soldiers on the banks, and her heart beat fast at the thought of possible discovery. But luck was with her, and when the sun went down she knew that she was not very far from the American camp.

When it was dark she concluded that it would be safe for her to run her head and shoulders above the branches, and she felt sure that the British had not ventured quite so near the camp as she knew she must be. She succeeded in paddling the tree-top to shore, and clambered out of it, with her heavy garments rendering it almost impossible for her to walk. She sat down and wrung them out as thoroughly as possible, and then started on. When she had climbed the hill she was not only greatly surprised but delighted to see the camp at her feet.

She was nearer home than she had supposed. That night the British drove an attack on the Americans; they were not only repulsed, but lost a large number of prisoners, among whom was Drake. The next day he saw Mary in camp, and recognized her at once. She could not help smiling to think of the failure of his plans, and that smile made plain the reason of his defeat to him.

"It's evident you sleep with your ears open," he said. "I'd like to know how you passed my soldiers!"

"I came down in the top of an oak tree," was her reply, and she left him to puzzle over the matter at his leisure.

## WHILE WE SAUNTER ON THE BEACH.

SONG.

BY J. M. LARKIN.

Meet me where the beach-sands glisten

Neath the pale moon's gentle ray,

There together we will listen

To the murmuring of the spray.

Then I'll gaze in rapture on you

Meet your glance, and greet your speech,

Ling'ring fondly near your smile, love,

While we saunter on the beach.

There love's plaint may move compassion

For my being in your heart,

There again I'll breathe the passion

That my lips would fain impart.

On the beach sand's yielding surface

Near the ocean's turbid spray;

Hand in hand and hearts responsive

Bringing ecstasy to each.

Breathing vows, exchanging gladness

While we saunter on the beach.

## Post and Plain ;

OR,

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

IX.

THE ANTELOPE RUN.

At one corner of the stockade of Fort Polk there was a tall three-story block-house, built of heavy green timbers and chinked with clay. It was loop-holed for rifles all the way up, but the roof was flat and furnished with a high parapet of logs. This block-house commanded a view of all the prairie, and we could see it stretching out for miles on all sides of us up to a distant blue ridge of hills in the northwest.

The course of the Brazos river could be traced for miles by the fringe of heavy timber, for not a tree grew on the prairie outside of the river-banks.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the doctor came in to us to report that it was time to go after the antelope.

"I've got enough work," he said. "This is the healthiest post I ever was at. Only one man on the sick-list with a toothache, and I soon had his grinder out. Come up to the roof of the block-house and we'll find our game."

We all proceeded to the block-house and mounted to the roof, from which we could see the prairie spread out in the prairie, distinguished some moving dots of various colors.

"Those are mustangs," announced the doctor. "They come up close to the fort some times, but they don't mount drill outside. They seem to be puzzled about our horses; but we never disturb them."

"But, where are the antelopes?" asked Charley Green.

The doctor looked around for several minutes.

"I see three flocks in different places. You're not used to the green prairie, I see. Look yonder toward the dead tree on the river-bank. There's a flock there. You'll see them move in a minute. There."

"Surely, something was moving there, but we were unable to distinguish what."

"They are prong-horn antelopes," declared the doctor, positively. "There's another flock about half a mile to the right. You can't see them now. I saw them go over a swell as I came up. The flock was disturbed down at the river is off here to the right again. They're not two miles off, on the upper river, about eight hundred yards from the cover. Here, take my glass and see."

"You see," he said, "a large double field-glass and pointed out the antelope, almost invisible to the naked eye, but when we took the glass we could see the pretty creatures plainly. They were feeding in perfect security to all seeming. One was lying down in the grass, chewing the cud, and another was feeding on a plant. Every now and then one of the bunch would rush to another and a little fight would begin, terminated by one giving way, and being chased round and round by the other. It was delightful to watch them in motion. At full speed they were as fast as the wind, and they were visible and they looked more like birds in rapid flight than beasts of the field. They soon seemed to tire, however, for they never kept up the same long, and always returned to lie down by the doctor's side as a chase."

"Come, Mr. Moore, if we want antelope-steaks for supper we must be off. It will take us at least an hour to stalk those fellows."

So Jack and the doctor left the block-house and went down below. Soon after we saw them, and then one of the bunch would rush to another and a little fight would begin, terminated by one giving way, and being chased round and round by the other. It was delightful to watch them in motion. At full speed they were as fast as the wind, and they were visible and they looked more like birds in rapid flight than beasts of the field. They soon seemed to tire, however, for they never kept up the same long, and always returned to lie down by the doctor's side as a chase."

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keen sight, they don't seem to have sense enough to tell a horse from a hidden one, and they will be watching the doctor so close that they'll forget all about Jack, unless they wind him."

"Wind him? What do you mean?"

"Get to leeward of him, so as to smell him. You notice that these antelopes are all well to windward of the fort. They seem to hold the scent of human beings in such abhorrence that they escape it on all occasions. If the wind changed to day you'd see every wild animal in the neighborhood pass the fort to get to windward, and once there they'd stop and begin to graze with their heads to leeward. As soon as the doctor gets well to windward, you'll see them scatter."

We again turned our attention to the doctor. He had by this time trotted out nearly three miles from the fort and we could see the muskangs moving slowly off up wind, so far off that even with the glass we could not distinguish their forms clearly. The antelopes were all watching him as narrowly as ever, but a few of them had begun to feed again, stopping every now and then to stare.

At last the doctor turned his course toward the river above the antelopes. From a slow trot he gradually dropped to a walk, and edged down toward the antelope that he had promised to bag. He was still at least a mile from them when they began to show excitement, running together to, and fro, and then halting to stare.

Presently the doctor disappeared from sight behind a swell. Hardly had he done so when the antelope herd started toward the fort at lightning speed.

"Now we shall see what Moore is made of," said Major Bruce, smiling.

As he said so, the doctor rode over the swell and started after the antelope at the same slow walk. He was hardly in sight before the antelopes stopped. They had only run for perhaps twenty or thirty seconds, but they had passed over nearly a third of a mile in that brief time. Now they stopped and repeated their antics, running to and fro, only to halt and stare again.

"Watch for Moore," said the major, and we remembered our comrade. We closely inspected the hollow into which he had vanished and at last descried old Jack on the further bank, lying at full length behind some low bushes, and watching the antelope.

Then he pushed up his rifle in front of him, and examined the elevation of his rear sight, glancing at the antelope from time to time.

"If they don't start, he's got them," declared the major.

Hardly were the words out when we saw the flash of a rifle from the midst of the bare prairie not fifty yards to the right of the antelope. A graceful buck leaped high up in the air and fell dead, while his comrades, with one grand burst of speed, came charging toward the fort, past Jack Moore.

"By Jove, the old man's stolen a march on Jack!" cried Bruce, with a hearty laugh, as he pointed out the figure of the old hunter, who coolly rose and watched the retreating antelope as he reloaded his rifle. "He was stalking that very herd."

We could see Jack Moore roll hastily over and screw down his base sight in a nervous state of hurry as the antelope came skimming over the plain directly toward him. Then he stood up so soundly that he was not seen, and swerved and turned back, but not on foot.

"I knew he'd miss them," quoth the major. "Jack's got the buck fever bad. Look at him!"

We could see him through the glass, stamping his foot and trying to get the empty shell out of his rifle, where it had stuck fast, to all seeming.

"Take it cool, Jack!" warned Bruce, quietly, as if the other could hear him. "No use swearing, old fellow—yes, I fancy I can hear them coming up by the dozen, all the bad words you know, Jack Moore."

"Where's Mart gone?" suddenly asked Charley Green.

I turned my glass in that direction. Mart had vanished, but the antelope were scudding away across the front of the place where he had been, trying to get on from the path of the doctor who had now changed his pace to a gallop, and was trying to head them back.

"There he is," answered Bruce, coolly, as another antelope dropped, and up sprung the old man again from behind the grass, which grew high in that region, and stood coolly reloading his rifle a second time. Then he dropped again, just as suddenly, and the best glass in the party could not find him.

Now we turned our attention to the antelopes and the doctor. Our medical friend had peddled his horse, and was riding at full speed to get the start of the antelopes. He was so near them that they sheered off toward the river below, and failed to gain the plain behind him.

"Now he's got them," observed one of the officers near us. "The river bend will keep them in."

We looked round, and, sure enough, observed that the fort stood on one side of the neck of land that united a peninsula from the grassy bend of the river, with the open prairie. The other herds of antelopes had carefully kept out of this bend, but those the doctor had driven, had entered it, in their flight.

They could only get out by passing the doctor, and he was waiting for them.

But where was old Mart?

We could not even mark the spot where the old hunter lay hid. It was just like the rest of the prairie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

## Work and Play.

BELLA N. asks: "Can you tell me how to prepare chocolate for putting between layer-cakes? Also, how to make a wisp-cream case?"

Mix, in a tin, three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar with an equal amount of grated chocolate. Add one-quarter of a cup of milk, one or two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and the beaten white of one egg. Beat and stir until it thickens slightly. This is the nicest of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cakes, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each thirteen inches long, and eight wide; also, one piece of perforated board the same size. Paste a handsome picture or embroder an initial in the center of the perforated board. Cover both pieces of pasteboard neatly on both sides, with paper-muslin; then cover one with the perforated board and trim round with gilded satin ribbon. Under the edges of the ribbon, very securely, overhand the long sides of the two pasteboards together, leaving them open at the top and bottom. Add ribbon loop and bow at the top to hang the case by. Thrust the broom, handle down, in at the top, and when wanted, pull it through at the bottom. These cases are an ornament, and one should be hung upon every hat-rack, and in every bedroom.

Use gilt, silver, white, black, or fancy-colored paper, according to choice, and trim with ribbon to match the prevailing color of the room.

Two GIRLS OF MENDON. In the "Dime Dialogues" are a considerable number of Acting charades expressly arranged for parlor presentation. Folding doors are desirable. They act as a very good drop or draw-curtain. Costumes for Charades are the same as for any dialogue or drama—on character. Tableaux are not "dramatic"; they are wholly in repose (silent) and statuque. They are necessarily in costume. Indeed, the costume is a leading feature of the exhibition. The "Mrs. Janey Wax Works" are a singularly ludicrous burlesque on the tableau proper and the dialogue. No satisfactory or explicit "directions" can be given for such an exhibition. Seeing it once is enough. It is varied with every performance according to the skill and name of the director.

As all good Catholics and Episcopalians keep

Lent strictly, it would be well to put off your proposed exhibition until after Lent.

Mrs. E. A. J. We do not know of any pleasant diversion for an evening's play around the table than to take the following array or arrangement of letters and from them discover the name of any person, or any particular word:

A	B	D	H	P
C	E	I	J	Q
F	G	K	L	R
M	N	O	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y
Z				

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical





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### Sunshine Papers.

#### One of the Delights of Spring.

GENTLE spring has come and the time for colds—colds in the bones, colds in the head, colds in the throat, and colds that go quite from the crown of the head to the tip ends of the toes and up again; and poor mortals suffer "the tortures of the—!" No! I will not use slang, even theological slang; let the sentence go unfinished.

There comes a bright, warm day, a succession of bright, warm days, and you stagger around under a weight of winter clothing, reeking with perspiration, scarcely able to breathe, physically growing weaker hourly, mentally becoming utterly and horribly stupid. Having gotten down to the lowest ebb of appetite and strength, you make a despairing resolve not to endure this state of things any longer. The next day dawns cloudless, sultry, with the mercury standing a great deal higher than it ought to stand unless it meant to retain its position for a respectable length of time. You make a comfortable change of apparel and go to shop, or to visit a friend, or to business. A few hours later you return home under leaden skies, with wintry winds howling about your pathway, and the thermometer down to almost zero. You feel as if you would like to put that miserable little instrument down altogether, bury it under the cellar bottom, perhaps; your feet are cold, your hands are red, you ache between the shoulders, your nose claims constant attention from a handkerchief, you shiver and chatter, as if, like Harry Gill, you were never to be warm again, and you feel in regard to the person who sits at home and greets you with "I told you so," that it would have been no grievous matter had he or she been a condemned heretic in the days of the Spanish Inquisition, so completely has the milk of human kindness been congealed within you.

For the next few days you are a victim to agonies to which pen has never done justice, just because the result would have been—no matter how many scientific terms had been used, how much eloquence expended, how much pathos indulged in, how much ink consumed, how many pens spoiled—only the description of a cold!

The most diabolical tinges of pain play tag up and down the perpendicular of your limbs, and chase each other around your hips, and skip playfully to and fro along your shoulder-blades. Where once you thought you had a back and a spinal column, you are only conscious, like the hymned sinner, of "an aching void, the world's—nor anything else—can ever fill." Every bone of your body feels as if it had been engaged in a free fight, and every square inch of flesh as if sorely beaten. Your throat is filled with such delightful sensa-

tions as one might imagine could have been produced by rolling a lawn-mower down it. By turns, you think "eternal punishment" must consist of a lake of fire and a sea of ice, as you suffer alternately with scorching fever and horrid chills. You have an idea that it would be a profitable financial investment to sell your head as lead; certainly, no geologist, mineralogist, or any other "ogist," could detect the imposture. Your lips are of one of those indescribable colors over which fashion-writers waste quarts of ink and columns of words without making any one comprehend what they are talking about. Your eyes run "rivers of waters," and have rings about them suspiciously suggestive of intertemperate habits or frequent domestic differences. Your nose is flame-colored, sensitive to the touch, and constant and imperative in its demands of attention. And—yet—you have only a cold!

Never expect sympathy when you have a cold! You may cough and cry, and blow, and sneeze; you may ache, and burn, and shiver; but you must be just as amiable, just as active, just as industrious, as if you never felt better in your life. You must not mind squeaking shoes, loud voices, heavy footsteps, slamming doors; you must not lie abed one minute later, nor retire one minute earlier, than usual; you must not snarl at the children, nor ask husband to hold the baby awhile, nor demand that wife set you a meal in your room; you have nothing but a cold!

One may have a respectable toothache, or an ornamental boil, or a delicate attack of fever, or a fashionable twinge of rheumatism, and turn the household upside down for their comfort and caprice, and have all the neighbors sending in jellies, and preserves, and commiserations; but, bless us! get the worst kind of a cold that ever transformed a decent-looking feminine into a creature as ugly as one of Macbeth's witches, and a strong man into a mockery of a human being, and all the sympathy vouchsafed for you is:

"Oh! a cold! I reckon every one has a cold this season of the year. I suppose you have been imprudent."

If one's eyes, and throat, and nose, did not claim all one's time, what a consolation it would be to get hold of some of these unsympathizing wretches and force them into some imprudence.

Imprudent, indeed! Boh! What is spring for, except to plunge people into imprudences and colds? And what consolation is there in leaving off a seal-skin sacque and wearing a light spring suit on Easter day, and getting a first-class cold, if no one is going to be sorry for you, and coddle you, and make as much time over you as if you had malaria, or dyspepsia, or a baby, or anything else of interest?

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### "GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE."

I DON'T think there is credit enough given to many people of the literary fraternity. They do not get their just deserts and are not treated as they should be. For instance, how often we come across an individual who will read a story, become intensely interested in and will acknowledge that his time has not been spent idly in its perusal; but who will never, for one moment, think to look to see who the author of the same is. It seems uncivil, as the said author has done so much to entertain, enlighten and instruct, to omit thanks to the pleasant narrator. Is it not due him or her? Is it not *unjust* to withhold our recognition of merit?

I don't think the public appreciate the author's work. How often, when I have been praising the work of some novelist, have I heard persons say: "Fshaw! what work can it be to write for the press! It must be the easiest thing in the world! All you have to do is to sit down, with your pen, ink and paper before you, and write!" What foolish misconceptions some people do make! Of course, ideas will come when you want them—to plots as thick as flies in summer time—a novelist does not have to study human, and sometimes inhuman, nature, as well as books—he must have no command of speech—no thought as to how his words must be chosen or how to fashion his statements. Oh, dear, no! These things must never be taken into consideration when judging of a novelist's task, which many think to be no task at all, but merely child's play. When I hear people talk of the *easy* lives these workers for the press lead, I have to keep my teeth pretty close together, lest I should say something that would sound very nice; but I think to myself that "all the fools are not dead yet," and so find a negative consolation.

I think there is not one-half credit enough given to the editors. Just think how much MS. they have to read—upon how many subjects they are asked for advice and information—how many articles they have to revise, correct and put in proper shape—how many editorials they have to pen—how many days they are at their desks, "through summer's heat and winter's cold," while others are taking a holiday. Think of how many tastes they have to gratify, how many thousands to please. Editors cannot be selfish. How can they be, when they live for others and not for themselves alone? They have to try to satisfy, they do not like to reject manuscripts, they had far rather encourage than discourage, but they must be just, and we shouldn't raise a fuss if an article is returned to us occasionally as "unavailable." They can better estimate our works than we ourselves. They know better what the public demand than outsiders do.

How often is their heart appealed to by writers who are either ill themselves or have others dependent upon them for support. How often do the editors wish the productions of such writers were of market value, for they hate to add to a person's trials by the rejection of their work; but, what can they do? The public do not want poorly written articles, and the editors have the same public to please. They must let merit be the sole standard. It may seem hard toward those who are poor, but it is only justice. A little reflection will put this matter in a clearer light.

I think printers are too much abused when they make typographical errors; but when we come to consider how many thousands they do not make they should be praised more and censured less. To be sure, they have lost me one or two friends because they, the printers, made me call them, my friends, "cruel" when I wrote "cruel," they have put slang in my mouth when they have made me say a young lady was a "fraud" when I wrote "prude," and they have made me use bad grammar by making me say "them" girls when I didn't touch on that "m" at all; but I forgive them. I blessed them for not making more blunders over my "hen's tracks."

There! I have said a good word for author, editor and printer, and I shall expect they will say a good word for me, when I am berated.

EVE LAWLESS.

#### SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

WHEN the birds, with joyful notes, proclaim that "spring has come," we shake off our long winter nap and seem to be renewed and on the opening of a new life. Nature begins to be awake once more and we to waken with it. We bid adieu without regret to the short cheerless days of winter and commence to look forward to the change of earth's carpet, from white to green, with delight. Hours for pleasant rambles, cosy nooks by joyous rivulets to rest in and read; yes, read that great book of Nature that has so many "twice-told tales," yet always interesting, entertaining and instructive.

It is a time for the forming of new resolutions, of making plans to lead nobler, truer and better lives.

As Nature seems to revive itself, so should we. As Nature puts on a more cheerful aspect, why should not we do the same? Are these constant changes of the seasons going on without teaching us some lesson? Teaching us in some beautiful way!

Spring brings with it the cleaning of houses and stores, and it is a good time to clean up one's character as well. We groan through a winter and find fault with its coldness and dreariness, but, when spring-time comes, we are not half thankful enough at its approach. It is such a contrast to the days that have passed, that we ought to hail it with songs of joy and thanksgiving. It deserves it and ought to have it.

The good housewife goes about armed with a broom, sweeping the cobwebs from each nook and cranny, and if we would but take this time to sweep cobwebs from our brains, the season of spring would indeed be a joyful one to us. It is a good opportunity to get rid of some of our old-foggy, one-sided ideas, to rout out some foolish hobby we may have. If we see new labor-saving inventions, that are productive of much good, we must advocate their use, even if we cannot afford to purchase them for ourselves. We mustn't clog inventive genius; we must encourage it. Youth is the spring-time of life—a time when one is all ambition to gain success, and how wicked would we be were we even to wish to crush that ambition out if its aspirations were of a noble nature.

The young minds need as much cultivating as do the flowers, for they last longer. It never pays to crush true genius in the young, because you are not only holding them back but you are depriving the world of some talent which it stands in need of. Yet, every day, we see about us young men and women who are discouraged and disheartened by others, who will persist in throwing cold water upon their plans, and thoroughly drenching them with words that take all the courage out of them.

I often wonder why we are so careful in attending the frail flowers that have so short a life and neglect the wishes of those who are growing up around us, who have active brains, willing hands, noble minds and immortal souls.

F. S. F.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Saturday Night.

SATURDAY night! this is the end of the week; I might say that this is the other end of the week. The spirit pauses. The days have dried up and died and blown away since the last Saturday night fell on the earth like a brick-bat.

Saturday night. Seven days of the week are now gone and the meditative spirit looks back through its spectacles and softly whispers that they will never come again unless something drops over.

There is something sad, which is almost sorrowful, in turning round on the street to look back over the week to find that it is gone and you can't see it. The days have gone and even their footprints you can't notice in the mud. There was bright Sunday, blue Monday, dark Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, marriageable Thursday, black Friday, and this day was glad Saturday—the whole week gone and, of course, everything is dumb.

The tired workman is glad that it is Saturday night; he walks up and draws his wages and wishes it was next Saturday night, for then he would have two weeks' wages in his pocket. Thus would he prove himself a philosopher.

Saturday night is the last night in the week, and a man can say verily that he can do no more work in that week, whether he has done any work or not, and finds the idea quite a relief; and if you have done nothing during the week, you can content yourself that you can do the same to-morrow without getting tired.

From Monday morning to Saturday night is a long time if you are working by the day, and you will be led to think that Saturday night is much postponed, but it is sure to come if you work hard enough.

On Saturday night you are glad that there has been only six working days in the week that is gone, especially if you have been working by the week and growing by the hour.

Every minute this week you have looked up at the clock and wished that forty-nine wheels were out of it; have thought that strikes for more wages should be balanced by shorter hours.

This is the night that is looked to when a man sets in to work on Monday morning, and he would not care if he set in on Tuesday. It is almost too far off from Monday morning for imagination to reach to, and it wants to skip the intervening days. A man wants his days long in the land but short in the workshop. We did not know when we set in that this week would be stuffed so full of hours, but the week is now gone never to return unless something strange turns up. Many of us are a week older to-night. The thought is very weakening, but few of us are a week younger, and many are the Saturday nights we carry in our vest pockets.

To-morrow is a day of rest. This is a most cheerful thought. Those who have rested hard all week can prepare to do the same thing to-morrow with renewed energies, and those who have had a hard time to get along during the week can congratulate themselves that it is ended, and that they are about to commence another week off the same piece. The cares of this week are all done. The days went on in spite of them.

Several bills fall due this week. But the trouble is they fall no further. The days slipped by and had no spikes in their wheels to prevent them slipping either.

Saturday night! It is a time that brings everybody home; some of them pretty late, however—some are anxious to see the week out and somehow find themselves out too. This is a bad thing.

Everybody is richer on Saturday night than on Monday morning—if he gets any money on Saturday night; and the little that is left to

go into the missionary-box on Sunday is overpowering—to the heathen—to contemplate.

To look out, it does not look like the last night in the week; but it is. We begin to reflect on all the work and all the good things which we have done during the week to our honor and credit, but you know how short the nights are now, and we have got to prepare a frame of mind suitable for Sunday. To-morrow is Sunday, and we all look forward to it with enthusiasm, not that we all want to go to church, however, but that according to all law no work can be done. Nowadays there is only one Sunday in each week. To-morrow no bills can be collected, and all business transactions of that nature are null and void. You can face anybody on the street from whom on a week-day you would shy off to keep shy of, and all the dry goods stores are closed; your wife has a day of rest in which she can prepare for the coming week.

Saturday night! How does the tired and weary soul prepare to black its boots and get out its best clothes for Sunday, and growl at its wife if a button happens to have gone off with the week!

The contented housewife sits down in the middle of fourteen children to rest and recuperate herself by disguising the holes in the heels and toes of fourteen pairs of stockings, while she wonders where those holes could possibly come from. One boy says the holes in his stockings' toes must have fallen in; another says his heels kind of worked through, but the "good-natured, patient look on the mother's face" so much like a piece of the mild, gentle Saturday night, that it shines like a blessing all around.

Saturday night! How like the peaceful Saturday night of the long weary week of life! We begin Monday bright and cheerful, but we grow tired as the days go by and look forward to the quiet shadows of that last night of our week wherein we shall lie down in the sleep which dispels the cares of the week, to wake up in the Sunday morning whose passing hours point to no recurring Monday!

Quietly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time.

A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, \$2,000 for it.

Mr. Lyman, geologist to the Japanese Government, reports that the island of Yesso probably contains 150,000,000 tons of coal not yet explored.

One white oak tree, taken from the farm of Mr. Rice, in West Virginia, brought \$84 after being split into whisky-barrel headings. According to this statement there must have been about 3,000 pieces.

A beaver in a Boston aquarium wore his lower teeth down to the gums by gnawing at a metal pipe, while the upper ones grew so long that they formed a complete muzzle, and had to be filed down three-quarters of an inch to enable him to eat.

The trunk of a tree three hundred feet high—or a section of it—from Mississippi, is to be among the wonders of the Paris Exhibition. Last year's geographical survey in Southern Utah revealed the fact that the areas occupied by standing timber are much smaller than those which are capable of supporting such growth. The destruction by fire greatly exceeds that of the woodman's ax, and it seems desirable that some methods for preventing forest fires should be devised, and as a measure of public economy, adopted in Utah, and perhaps in other Territories.

Behold the Senators' wives as they appear to a female correspondent: Mrs. Stanley Matthews, brisk, cheery, elastic, silver-haired; Mrs. Hamlin, forty, with sunny hair, rosy face, and intelligent, fine expression; Mrs. Angus Cameron, tall, airy, sylph-like, spirituelle and winning. Mrs. Dorsey, a beautiful and amiable brunette. Mrs. Secretary McCrary is described by the same correspondent of *The Syracuse Journal* as girlish and petite, with a blooming, happy expression; while Mrs. Sherman is tall and has a bright, smiling face, a profusion of chestnut hair, and a cordial, practical manner.

An atmosphere saturated with particles of fine flour is certainly highly inflammable, if not explosive. Several weeks since the men employed in one of the largest flour mills in Minneapolis, Minn., saw a volume of flame coursing through what is known as the blast-box, as a conductor used in carrying fine dust from the mills to the open air. The workmen seized a number of fire extinguishers, and without excitement or confusion brought the flames under control, but not until the wood-work of the long box had been charred from end to end. The explanation of the origin of this fire is quite simple. The foreman conjectures that one of the bins was revolving without feed, and while the upper stone was raised as usual, a nail or fragment of lime emitted a spark which was enough to ignite the fine dust which was carried through the blast-box.

Mr. Darwin's view is that all the complex and diversified forms of the fauna and flora, the animal and plant of the present day, are derived from simple initial organic points—a cell for example, by a process of growth, with infinite variation, and that those varieties which were best adapted to their surroundings were perpetuated and strengthened, while the ill-adapted perished in the struggle of life. It is the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. In the language of Mr. Darwin, a region was occupied by extremely prolific but swift hares, and by dogs or wolves dependent on the capture of these hares for their existence, naturally the longest-legged and fleetest dogs or wolves would be the most successful in the chase, and in competition with others would be perpetuated, while the shorter-legged and slower dogs would be starved out and disappear. The result would be the production of a race of grayhounds, if you please. Mr. Darwin leaves the question of the origin of life untouched.

In a recent meeting, at San Francisco, of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, the State Fish Commissioners, and a committee representing the fishermen of the coast, the question as to the destructive performances of the sealions in the harbor were actively discussed. One of the fishermen's representatives said that it was estimated that there were 25,000 sealions within a radius of a few miles, consuming from ten to forty pounds each of fish per day; the sealions were protected, while the fishermen were harassed by the game laws. Another witness declared that salmon captured in the Sacramento river often bore the marks of injury from sealions, having barely escaped with life; but it was supposed that the salmon less frequently fell victims to the amphibians than did other fishes that cannot swim as fast. The testimony about Chinese fishermen was very conflicting. On the one side it was said that they stripped the waters of young fish by using nets with small meshes. On the other, it was declared that the chief business of the Chinese fishery near San Francisco was to catch shrimp of which they obtained \$150,000 worth in a season; they also caught about 100 barrels of sturgeon per month. The Chinese never leave small fish to rot upon the shore; they are too frugal for such waste; the heaps were left by Italians, it appeared from this statement that Italians of the poorer class are also numerous about San Francisco.

### Readers and Contributors.

Available: "If there was Nothing to Forget;" "The Return;" "To W. E. Sheridan;" "While We Saunter on the Beach;" "Have Faith in Each Other;" "Over His Grave;" "Patience;" "At Eventide;" "Rose;" "Which One Was True?" "Such a Bargain;" "Look Through;" "And She Did."

Unavailable: "I Sometimes Wish to Die;" "Love Me Little, etc.;" "A Tempter Tempted;" "Priscilla;" "Keep the Sweets You Have;" "Measure for Measure;" "Widow's Corner;" "When Love Awaits;" "Boarding;" "And She Did."

SILVER STAR. The teacher was equally ignorant and impertinent, and you should have said as much, as a proper rebuke. Advice her, also, before expressing an opinion hereafter to try and know a little about the thing she judges.

STELLA. Don't deny the youth your confidence because he is so much younger than you. Your influence over him might be all important. Being older and wiser, you can properly permit an intimacy that will make him think "all the world of you."

HENRY K. ORATE or "flowery" orography is never desirable. It is like too many ribbons on a pretty face—distracting. Strive for a clear, graceful, rapid hand.—Be good and you'll be happy. Let your sister have no cause to complain. Make her glad that she is your sister.

WILLIAM M. MAID. We certainly do not approve of such modes of obtaining notice. A woman who is a lady will never make herself a town's talk to obtain notoriety. It is in associating with her you also share her reputation nothing will be gained but something lost—at least, so it seems to us, as you state the case.

D. J. M. Poems to persons, or on special events, usually are unavailing because they are not of interest save for the parties concerned, and in the majority of cases are not poetry, in the proper sense. Lines, written in rhythm and rhyme, are no more poetry, because so written, than a woman is a lady because prettily dressed.

G. W. D. Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody) is now in the prime of life—is traveling with a theatrical troupe in the States acting "Buffalo Bill's" character in his own dramas. He has lived many years on the plains and is all that is represented as Indian-fighter, scout and hunter. He was not present at the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which occurred when he was a mere boy.

CORALIE. Since you are not even tacitly engaged you do right to accept the company of other gentlemen. Treat her with respect and she will do so. Gentlemen, indeed, don't like to seek for the company of an engaged lady, so you should go freely into society, and with others than your seeming suitor, as to let all see that you are not engaged. If your suitor objects to this let him declare himself at once.

ISABEL. That dreams oftentimes do come true is not to be denied, but "dream interpreters" are merely pretty fictions. For your friend to have the same circumstances recurring in several dreams may encourage the hope on your part that it may prove true, or it may prove false, or it may be a part. You may help that consummation by not disdaining to hope and plan for it, for that surely is one of your reserved rights.

SMOKE SHOP. Any good seedman's catalogue will give you the required information. As to peas we plant, about March 15th, the Alpha, Laxton's Profusion Long-Pod, and Champion of England—all at one planting, and in rows four feet apart, and twelve days apart; then plant one more planting of Champion and we have peas in perfect succession and steady bearing up to Sept. 1st. Very late planted peas don't amount to much, unless used for seed.

DION FLAME. Mr. Darwin is not the originator of the doctrine of Evolution. This doctrine is not new. He has only become its great exponent or formulator. His book has suggested many contributions to some special line of investigation on the origin of species—the adaptation and modifications known as the "survival of the fittest," or "natural selection," etc., etc.—See as item in our Topics for a statement of Mr. Darwin's position.

"TYPE." Show young lady Number One by your speech and manner that you take no notice of her assumption. Treat her with respect and she will do so. When you see her, and do not seek her company. No lady will force herself upon you. Make your declaration to lady Number two, and if accepted proclaim the fact of your engagement, and by your attentions to your betrothed show all your acquaintances where your heart is, and your allegiance.

JAS. B. R. Prince Albert before his marriage with Queen Victoria (Feb. 10th, 1840) was Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—a second son of Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, therefore inherited nothing. He was cousin to the queen, his wife. He was naturalized by formal act of Parliament (Feb. 10th, 1840) with the title of Royal Highness and Prince Consort. Victoria's mother (Duchess of Kent) was a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Prince Albert's own aunt.

COMUS, Chatham Village. Your explanation is not very clear; but we presume you mean that you are engaged for the dance to the young lady whom you look to the ball. It is never necessary to apologize to a gentleman for claiming your promised partner for a dance. Simply bow to the gentleman with whom she is talking and come to the dance with a reminder that "this is our dance." She, too, will bow to the gentleman, and then you may lead her away. If the dance is not a promised one, you apologize to the gentleman, simply, and quietly prefer your request to the lady.

M. E. A. H. The sample will wash and retain its color, but it will not be apt to look as glossy as when new. Is it not possible to extract all spots from it and turn it? We can tell you how to do it out any kind of spot if you will mention the nature of the stain. However, if you desire to wash it, first wash out grease with warm water, then wash with soap, or spirits of hartshorn, then dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of water. Soak the goods in this a little, squeeze dry, and do not wring; rise up and down in clear water, and hang in the air to drip and dry. While still damp press smooth and dry, upon the wrong side, with hot iron, and it will dye any dark color, but does not dye nicely.

HELEN LAWRENCE SAYS: "Some people, when asked a question, instead of saying 'yes' or 'no,' or a word as near like that as I can represent the sound, will say 'perhaps' or 'I don't know' or 'I am not sure' or 'I am not certain' or 'I am not positive' for a person to ask her child if it will have some of a certain article of food, before any grown person has said 'yes' or 'no' is a very bad precedent. It is only well-bred to say 'yes' or 'no' in a distinct and courteous manner. All slang and made-up words are vulgar.—A child should be the very last person heard at table and never precede of a grown person.—The trick you mention is horrible! Omit the 'ha'!"

DIOXOS. A garden plot, two by three rods, will produce enough vegetables for four persons for the summer and fall if properly treated. See some good catalogue for planting directions. Lay off with path through center, say thirty inches wide, and walk around the plot with a string line, and divide it to be two feet from fence to allow of a continuous bed. Give up this bed to your flowers and vines—grapes to have at least one side. This will leave the whole plot, inside this walk, for vegetables. Make beds by treading out a narrow path—beds to be three feet wide for easy weeding. Don't try to use potatoes or corn. These you can buy cheaper than you can raise. Put in lettuce, beets, radishes, peas, bush-beans, carrots, parsnips, salsify, onion, cucumber, bush squash and one bed of raised herbs, parsley, sage, etc. Put in cabbages, come out put in cabbage-plants and celery. Take the end of plot for tomato vines. This will give you plenty to do, mornings and evenings, and will keep your table well supplied with nice fresh vegetables.

NENE SAYS: "I have dark brown eyes and hair, clear dark complexion, red lips and cheeks, am four feet eight inches in height, and weigh one hundred pounds. Would a princess basque and skirt look well on me? Of what color should it be? Of what material? Would silk and cashmere come in?" There are no princess basques and skirts. You probably refer to a princess dress, which is a single garment, like the Gabrielle dress, once so fashionable, and still worn by children. Princess dresses are handsome, and a very correct, but we consider them in better style for a house, evening or visiting costume than for a street-suit, as they need to be made with a long train to give them grace, and short dresses are now used for the street. Any of the spring goods in moderately dark colors would make you a becoming suit. If you use silk and cashmere get gray cashmere and even it with slight silk trimmings of cardinal, but turquoise, pearl, or some very light or very bright color. Any of the light olive-green or brown shades of dress-goods delicately spotted with gay threads, make extremely handsome suits, trimmed with silk of the same color, or without any trimming but rows of buttons and rows of machine-stitching, like quilting. The ordinary street, church, and walking costume is a short, trimmed skirt, a basque and a cut-away jacket.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## IF THERE WAS NOTHING TO FORGET.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

If there was nothing to forget  
There would be nothing to regret,  
The past would lose its wall  
That comes with many a stinking sob—  
That comes with many a lone heart-throb—  
And tears of no avail.

The hands which clasped once in our own,  
The love that glowed when faith had grown  
To blossom, haunt us still,  
And shadow all our lives across  
With a complaining sense of loss  
Which nothing now can fill.

The dream of bliss which once has been,  
The smile that sweetened many a scene,  
Oblivion cannot eke,  
And Lethe's stream no longer flows,  
Nepenthe hushes not the woe  
Are fruit of former joy.

## Typical Women.

ZENOBIA,  
Queen of the East.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ONLY at rare intervals does a crowned woman come to the surface on the always tumultuous current of Eastern History. The civilization of the East reduced women to the position of an inferior. She was, in Christ's time, and had been from immemorial time, in all the great monarchies of Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, etc., a creature to obey, not to command, hence a reversal of this order argued an extraordinary and exceptional character in the woman.

Such certainly belonged to Semiramis, under whose strong reign and religious Babylon became one of the wonders of the world; to Cleopatra, whose twenty-eight years of magnificent rule was the culmination of Ptolemaic civilization and greatness; to Zenobia, by whose learning, enterprise and liberality the city in the Syrian desert—Solomon's Palmira—grew to be one of the most renowned of all the great cities in the East—the Palmira, whose stupendous ruins stand, to this day, far out in the desolate plain of Syria, an amazing evidence of the glory which the Queen of the East shed upon her age during her brief reign.

The Roman army, under the Consuls, Triumphs and Emperors, first overran all of southern and western Europe; then, having absorbed all the old Greek provinces, crossed the Hellespont and gradually advanced, conquering, until all of Syria and Persia itself, passed under the Roman rule. Such vast dominions were only maintained by ceaseless watchfulness and the presence of armies; but Persia, under the great Artaxerxes (A. D. 225) rose against its conquerors and regained the government. The Emperor Valerian himself, however, was defeated with a vast army against the successor of Artaxerxes—the Shah Poor (Sapor). In this effort to regain the lost province he was greatly assisted by an Arab chief named Odenathus, who, with his wild cavalry, was invaluable to the Romans. Valerian, however, was defeated by the Shah (A. D. 260) and taken prisoner, and the remnant of his legions found their way back to the Mediterranean ports, leaving the brave emperor to a most wretched and degrading captivity. But Odenathus continued the war. He skill, daring and popularity called to his standard so many Arabs and Romans that he at length defeated the Shah, and twice raided almost up to the very gates of Isfahan, hoping to recover the captive.

For these services he was commissioned, by Valerian's son and successor, Gallienus, "General of the East," which made him virtual king and master of all the country from Persia to Egypt. Of his favorite "City of Palms," Palmira, on the very borders of the great Syrian desert, he made his capital at once as magnificent as a city and important as a commercial mart, on the direct line of caravan traffic between India and the Mediterranean.

Zenobia, wife of this valiant man, was his constant companion in all his campaigns. Uncommonly beautiful, beautiful, courageous and confident, she freely participated in command, and historians are constrained to admit that for her was due a large share of her husband's enterprise and good fortune. Septimia Zenobia was the child of an Arab chief, and grew up on the desert, to be given in marriage, while yet a mere girl, to a man of her race. She was a widow before she was eighteen, and then wedded the chief of several tribes, Odenathus, whose daring spirit found in the marvellously beautiful woman a congenial spirit, and loving one another tenderly, they rapidly advanced to supreme authority under the Roman rule.

Odenathus and his son by his first wife were assassinated in the year 267, by conspirators at whose head was his nephew, Mesodorus, who hoped to succeed to power, but Zenobia, strong in the affections of the people and the soldiery, assumed the government, in the name of her three sons by Odenathus. She soon, however, dropped all disguise of a regency, and adopting the title of "Queen of the East," prepared to defend this virtual independence of Roman authority. The Emperor Gallienus dispatched his general Heracianus to dispossess her, but Zenobia was ready for this test of her courage, power and ambition. Leading her own army, she met and totally defeated the Romans in a pitched battle.

This seems to have inspired her with desires for conquest. The Roman empire was then in its decline. Civil war at home and the revolt of subject and provinces abroad, made it a fit moment for the daring woman to strike for a larger domain and to recover Egypt, which after Cleopatra's destruction, had passed wholly into Roman possession. She claimed, indeed, a descent from the Macedonian kings who founded the Empire at the West. But at London. Some days had been spent in the business with his solicitors that had brought the young marquis to town.

He did not delay another visit on which he had resolved: to the physician who had always attended the family when in town, and who knew every member of it almost as well as his own children. To this faithful friend and skillful adviser the young man confided his misgivings and fears for his mother's reason. He related what had occurred, and gave his own impressions.

No; the Marchioness of Estonbury had never shown the slightest symptom of aberration of mind. Her family, as far back as it could be traced, had no such taint; had no taint of any disease. She came of pure and vigorous stock. Her health had always been robust; she had scarcely known what sickness was. Dr. Harcourt decidedly was of opinion that her mind was perfectly sound, and that her strange conduct must be due to some other cause. She had always shown an imperious and determined temper; and when her heart was set upon an object, she would move heaven and earth to accomplish it.

He had known several instances in which mothers seemed devoid of affection for their offspring; an alienation which amounted to positive aversion in one or two whom he could name. And he had known ladies who surrendered their whole hearts to a misguided affection for some alien to their own blood. It must be so in this case. Lady Estonbury had taken an unaccountable fancy to the young girl born under her protection; she had found the object of her regard deserving, and had, unwittingly at first, nourished in the girl an attachment for her son. She felt herself responsible for the growth of this passion; the girl was a dependent on her care; and she was resolved to marry her

to the marquis. She fancied she would thus secure the happiness of both, while she gratified the love that had wound itself round her own heartstrings. That kind of fascination was not uncommon. Lady Estonbury's iron will made her firm as a rock in resolving to carry out her wishes.

Lady Estonbury was constrained to accept this explanation; but he was not satisfied. He induced Dr. Harcourt to promise that he would pay a visit at Estonbury Court, and observe her ladyship closely, while talking with her as a friend. He would communicate the opinion resulting from his interview at once to the marquis.

Reginald was in his chamber one afternoon, of the day before the time fixed for his departure for Scotland with Ralston. His business was concluded; his yacht was under orders to meet the young men, as soon as their tour in the mountains was finished, at a certain point on the coast; the prospect seemed fair for a pleasant trip, and the young man's heart bounded as his fancy roved to the spot which was his first destination. He had written twice to the Baron of Swinton, once, soon after his father's burial; a second time, after their arrival in London, to say he hoped soon again to claim his hospitality. There was a warmth in the tone of the letter, which he intended to convey something of the feelings of his heart. His chivalrous homage, too, was breathed in the message sent to the baron's fair daughter. If he could, he would thus have told the story of his love.

He was seated in his chamber at the hotel. The windows and bed were curtained with embroidered white muslin. Flowers and glossy-leaved evergreens stood in vases on either side of an oval swinging dressing-glass, on the marble top of a bureau. The walls were hung with four pictures in black walnut frames, leaving much of the space bare. The carpet was light, of a neat pattern, with clusters of flowers in the center of squares. The furniture was of the modern style, different from the massive antique of former days.

The door was open leading into the parlor belonging to the suite. It, too, was tastefully furnished, and was the handsomest hotel afforded.

"Come in!" the young peer called out, in answer to a light tap at the door of his parlor.

"Come in, Frank! Why do you use the ceremony of knocking?"

The door opened slowly and softly. The rustle of a woman's dress was heard. "The Traveler's Guide" he had been consulting, to make himself familiar with the projected route through the Highlands, and walked into the outer room. He wondered that the servant had not announced his coming. By this time the woman had entered. She made a formal curtsy, and drew aside her veil.

"Mrs. Chisholm!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "Tell me at once, has anything happened to my mother?"

"I am glad, indeed, to hear it. Why, then, did her ladyship send you to me?"

"My lady did not send me; leastwise she did not tell me to come, though she knew I would, and she approved of it," the woman answered, faltering sadly in her embarrassment.

"Then you have left service at the court?"

"I have, my lord. It was my duty to come with her ladyship. I was ordered to do so."

"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Chisholm?"

He had not offered her a seat, though she looked as if one would be welcome; nor had he taken one himself. He felt annoyed at her conduct, and he was not a little surprised when she sat down. "I have an engagement this afternoon, and am on the eve of a journey. Please to be brief, therefore, in saying what you wish me to do for you."

The woman shuffled from one foot to the other, glanced about her, and seemed at a loss how to begin. Then she retreated toward the door, which was still open, and beckoned to some one outside.

A man advanced from the head of the stairway, came to the door, and boldly entering, stood before the trembling woman.

"A strange proceeding this!" said Reginald. "How is it, Mr. Chisholm, that you venture into my presence in this way?"

"To support the courage of my wife," the man replied, with a touch of the former's defiant insolence. "She can never get through with what she undertakes."

"She comes with news, then?"

"Ay, news of importance to all of us."

"But she said her ladyship was well."

"Sir, not that she is well, but that she is not, sir, the secret which you disclose to me, as you call her—shrink from telling you."

"You deal in enigmas which I do not care to study. If there be any secret concerning your late mistress and myself, I prefer to hear it from her."

"She—my lady—tried to tell you; but she could not. Proud lady though she is, there are some things that humble her, and ought to crush her to the very dust."

"This is a language to use in my presence, and I shall hold no discourse with you—without either of you—on a subject in which my mother is involved."

"Oh, my lord!" cried the woman, wringing her hands. "Let me speak! My lady bade him say, as he said, that it was from him that she heard of her death."

"And the secret will soon be public property!" added the ex-steward.

"Speak, then, as briefly as possible!"

"The greatest of my lady's misfortune was not to say, 'may be averted if you will only listen to her ladyship, and fulfill her dearest wishes: If you would do as she desires, marry the young girl she loves so tenderly, all may yet be well.'"

"Silence!" exclaimed the young nobleman, in a rage. "Do you dare intrude yourselves on me here, to urge me to disgrace my name and lineage? Lady Estonbury could not have sent you for this!"

"She did, my lord!" passionately wailed Mrs. Chisholm, with her hands clasped. "And it is her dearest wish in life!"

"Preposterous! This is your scheme, from beginning to end! I see through it; and I only wonder how you ever obtained an ascendancy so great over your lady's mind as to lead her to think of such a course for her daughter."

"You refuse to marry her, then?" asked Chisholm.

"Sir, your insolence passes bearing! Leave the room instantly, or I will ring for the servants to put you out."

"Oh, listen to him a moment—only one moment!" pleaded the woman, with streaming tears.

"Have done with all these supplications," stormed her husband. Then, addressing Reginald, who had walked to the bell and had his hand on the rope, he added:

"You must hear the truth, then, for the first time in your life. Lady Estonbury wishes you to marry no daughter of ours. Helen is not our child, but her ladyship's own daughter!"

"Are you mad, fellow?" cried the young man, contemptuously.

"I speak the solemn truth, as you will find from the proofs I shall produce."

"Helen my mother's child? My sister?"

"Not your sister! You are not the son of the Marchioness, nor of her late husband."

It seemed a dark conspiracy to wring from him his consent to the wild scheme his mother had nurtured.

"It is true—too true!" sobbed the woman, lifting her clasped hands upward. "We have kept the secret faithfully till now, for my lady's sake! She knew my lord—her late husband—was longing for an heir—for a boy to inherit his title. He raved continually of a boy; he told her ladyship he would live with her no longer if the child she was to bring him did not

prove a boy! He tormented her night and day; she knew he would die of the disappointment. If it was not as he wished! She had lived many years childless, and now her very life depended on this one thing!"

"Yes," added Chisholm; "for my lord would have sent her away—in disgrace, as it were—if the expected birth disappointed his hopes."

"And you expect me to believe this folly of my father?" cried Reginald.

"Do not interrupt me. My late lord was from home when my lady's hour came. She gave birth to a girl!"

Chisholm's wife here took the word.

"They thought my lady would have died—even the nurse and the doctor—when she knew it. I was just recovering from my own confinement the night she sent for me, to our house; and my husband took me in his arms to the carriage, and carried me up the grand stairs to my lady's apartments. The nurse met me at the door, and whispered: 'Do everything she bids you—and save her life if possible!' The doctor said he had little hope of her."

"And my father was absent?"

"He was not expected for a week. He had gone to London."

"Well—go on."

"My lady was in a high fever, and I saw in a moment her danger. Contradiction would have killed her. She drew my head down close to her lips, and whispered: 'It is not a soul but the nurse and the doctor know the sex of her child. She implored me as for life itself, to grant her prayer: to let the infants be exchanged!'"

Reginald, white as death, dropped into a chair and covered his face with one hand. The woman went on:

"I could not refuse to save her life. I meant to confess all to my lord when she died. The boy, my own child, was brought from our house just after midnight, by my husband, who told the servants that I was to stay all night with my lady, and must nurse him. You know we lived in the cottage at the end of the park, and none of the servants, nor any of the neighbors, had been to see me since the birth of my boy. He was brought into my lady's chamber; he was dressed in her child's clothes, and laid beside her. I took the little new-born girl into my bosom."

"Did the doctor—as it Dr. Harcourt—commence this fraud?" demanded the young man.

"Dr. Harcourt did not come for three days afterward. You see, the birth had been ten days before it was expected. Another doctor had been called in haste from a village in the neighborhood—ten miles distant."

"Did he support the trick?"

"He never knew of it. As soon as my lady recovered, she made my lord take her away for change of air. They went abroad that summer, and more than a year and a half passed before they came home. The village doctor was told that her little girl had died, and the boy had been born later."

She continued:

"He had been ordered to say nothing of the child to any one, because it was weakly and like to die; and my lady wished it believed that her first-born was a boy."

"He assented to this falsehood?"

"I paid him a heavy sum, myself, to keep the secret, and Chisholm. But he really believed the little girl died before my lord and lady went abroad."

"And the register of the birth?"

"That was made at the time I speak of, and of the baptism, four weeks afterward."

"The date of the registered birth was of the time when, as you say, the children were exchanged?"

"It was."

"And there is no registration of any subsequent birth?"

"None; for there was no other. Lady Estonbury never had another child."

After a pause, Reginald resumed:

"You are aware that I cannot take all this as fact, upon your word only?"

"I am prepared for disbelief," answered the ex-steward. "He took a paper from the breast-pocket of his coat, and handed it to the young man. 'Here is a letter from her ladyship.'"

Reginald took the letter. He saw that it was a long one, and re-folded it. He was not then in a state of mind to examine the proofs. Chisholm gave him three other letters, on paper yellow with age. They were from the maid to her absent mistress, giving accounts of the health of the little girl, once or twice named as "Your ladyship's dear child." These were laid with the other letters on the table.

"You may leave me," said Reginald. "I will look at these papers, and then they must go to my solicitors. Leave your address and be ready to give your testimony when they send for you."

A glance was exchanged between the ex-steward and his wife.

"I have another message to give you," the man added. "It would be Lady Estonbury's wish that the matter should rest here, and the secret never be divulged. If you, sir, will submit to her will, it may be as well."

Reginald started to his feet. The flush of indignation swept in a crimson flood over his face.

"What!" he exclaimed, "if I will join in the conspiracy, I may be allowed to keep the stolen title and estates! Leave me, before I lose my self-control altogether!"

"You may be angry," retorted the man, "but you cannot deny that you still owe respect and duty to her ladyship. She bade me say, that if you still refused to do her bidding, and thus drove her to the confession of the secret she has kept so long, she would immediately send for Mr. Maurice Howard. He is the heir, you know, failing issue of the late marquis—and she will marry her daughter to him. She is resolved that Helen shall reign at the court."

"I have requested you both to go, now," replied Reginald, taking no heed of the man's last words.

"Oh, Reginald—my son!" cried the weeping woman, with her hands clasped. "Spare us all—spare yourself—this terrible sorrow! Think what it would be to lose everything!"

Sternly the young man motioned to them both to quit the room. Chisholm placed a card on the table, with his address, and whispered to his wife, as he led her to the door:

"Let it work, and say no more! He will come down anon."

The two passed out without a word. Only the woman turned an imploring glance backward. But Reginald saw it not. His arms were thrown on the table; his face was buried in his hands.

CHAPTER XIII.  
FOR SCOTLAND.

AFTER twilight had come on, Frank Ralston returned from his long walk, and found Reginald in the same attitude of despair. He was alarmed seriously, when the young man lifted a white and haggard face, with eyes suffused as if by bloodshot, and seemed scarcely to hear his friend's repeated entreaties to know what was the matter. Then he wiped the great drops from his forehead, and pressed it with both hands, before he was able to give any clear account of what had happened.

Reginald had no idea of concealment. If the fearful tale to which he had listened were true, there was but one course for him. But the shock had thrown him off his balance for the time.

He gave Frank a full recital of the story told him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the papers they had brought as evidence, in his hands. He wanted the help of his clear judgment, not to determine his course if the truth had been disclosed, but to ascertain if it were the truth.

The letter of Lady Estonbury contained her own narration, which fully sustained that of her maid and the steward. She confessed the fraud practiced, by the imposition of a boy not hers on her husband as his heir, leaving his own daughter to be brought up as the child of Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm. She added her solemn oath to confirm this statement, and excused her con-

duct by dwelling on the cruel usage received from her husband, and his threats of some terrible calamity and disgrace hanging over her if she could not gratify his wish for an heir to his title and estates.

He had once said that if her child should not be a boy, he would know where to find an heir, of his own blood, too; and Lady Estonbury had been terrified by apprehensions of a previous marriage. She had known there was some mystery in his life, she said; and dreaded its revelation. Hardly any woman in her case, she thought, would have scrupled to act as she did.

She added, that she naturally shrunk from a public disclosure of these facts, and the blame that would be heaped on her. If Reginald would become the husband of her daughter, all should be buried in oblivion forever. If he refused, she would at once communicate with Maurice Howard, a distant cousin of the late marquis. He had seen Helen and greatly admired her. She would make her the wife of the true heir.

An exclamation of scorn escaped Reginald more than once during the reading of this letter. "In any case," he said, "ought I not to be thankful, Frank, that such a woman never gave me birth?"

"I should think so, indeed," returned young Ralston.

"But am I much better off?" his friend murmured, with a groan of anguish, "to be the son of Chisholm and his wife?"

"I do not believe it! I cannot believe it!" cried the Scot, springing up and pacing the room.

"I now see clearly many things that have always seemed mysteries to me! The man, Chisholm, seemed to have secret power, of some sort, over Lady Estonbury. I have noted it on several occasions. She bore everything from him, and that nourished his native insolence till it became unbearable. Then, her infatuation for the girl, Helen, and she—she was too refined, pure and gentle for such parentage! It always seemed so to me."

"What do you mean to do, my boy?" asked Frank, after a long silence. "It seems to me transportation would be too good for these plant tools of 'my lady.'"

"If they are punished she must be! I know not how the law would deal with them."

"Apparently, fear of punishment leads her ladyship to propose the alternative: marriage with her daughter, and undisturbed possession of the title and estates."

"It would seem so; else why should she be willing to wed her daughter to one of low birth—the child of menials in her employ?" said Reginald, with a moan he could not suppress.

"She counts on your unwillingness to relinquish it!" And the girl is really better, the child of her noble birth! Would grace a title! Reginald, have you weighed the matter?"

Reginald looked him in the face, his noble soul flashing in his eyes.

"Weighed the proposal, do you mean? Ralston, do you think I would give up my thought, for one instant, to such a proposition?"

"It would be a temptation to most men."

"If I am not the rightful heir to the marquisate do you think I would wear the title another hour? If Maurice Howard is the real lawful Marquis of Estonbury, could I be bribed to disavow him of his rights?"

Frank grasped his friend's hand, and pressed it warmly between both his own.

"You shall go with me to Scotland, and we will consult my father. All this may be a falsehood; a trap; a conspiracy."

"It may be; and I must have other advice. I must see my solicitors at once. They will examine those people; will see Lady Estonbury; will hunt up such evidence as can be found. They have my interests at heart, and they will cleave to me as long as there is ground on which to stand."

"I should let the affair go to the courts for decision."

"Perhaps there will be no need of that. I would spare the guilty woman; ay, and her tools. I cannot bear the thought—but, Frank—they may be my parents!"

"Never! A nature so noble, so high and pure as yours, never was inherited from such people."

"I confess my mind revolts against the idea. The loss of title and estates would be a less calamity, in my estimation."

"See your solicitors, my boy, in the morning, and leave the affair in their hands. You must go with me to Scotland."

"How can I go?" groaned Reginald, again covering his face. "Ah, there is the bitterness of worse than death!"

"I understand you. Say nothing to the lady of your love till all is decided."

"But, how can I see her, and wear for a moment honors that may not be rightfully my own? And how can I breathe the same air and not hasten to throw myself at her feet?"

"If she really cares for you the loss of fortune ought to make no difference."

"Frank, you talk like a school-boy. Do you imagine that the Baron of Swinton would tolerate the suit, or even the presence, of one in my strait? Ah! I was so proud! I was glad my love was of ancient and high lineage, for it matched my own. Despicable poor Helen, thinking her born of such base blood as mine may prove to be!"

The agony with which these words were uttered touched Ralston's heart. He renewed his importunities, and obtained at last a promise from Reginald that he would go with him to his northern home.

CHAPTER XIV.  
THE OUTLAWED KNIGHT.

THE ancient mansion of Stone Crag was enlivened with unusual gaiety. The hospitality of its lord was claimed by Sir Victor Wilder, who was suspected in all the neighborhood of having matrimonial intentions.

The baron was not ignorant of his admiration for the beautiful Alicia, though he had never said a word had been spoken to him on the subject. The gentleman's father had been an old friend, and on that score the young man was always welcome.

Yet, Sir Victor was not a companion at all to St. Victor, he had been hunting for hunting which was the elder man's passion; he abhorred the hounds, and was not fond of riding. Rather effeminate was he, and careful to a degree of his person and well-dressed person. Tall and finely formed, with delicate features and a complexion white as milk, with tawny curling hair and beard, he was wont to bestow much time every day, with his valet's assistance, on an elaborate toilet. He breakfasted often in his room; and rarely joined the early morning meal of the baron and his daughter.

About noon he would enter the drawing-room or library, with the grace of one used to society, and spend hours toying with the silks and worsteds in the embroidery basket of his fair hostess, or in poring over newspapers that had come by the last post.

Or he would walk on the terrace, if he saw Alicia there, shiver in the crisp breeze, or praise the delightful coolness of the weather, and sometimes entice her to an arbor, where, throwing himself on the grass at her feet, he would read aloud, from a book of new poems, selections which he gave with really fine elocution.

This was ever agreeable to Alicia, who loved poetry dearly. Sometimes her guest would beg her to practice duets with him. He had a splendid tenor voice, and had cultivated it with assiduous care. Such accomplishments had always secured to Sir Victor Wilder the special favor of the fair sex.

A strong contrast with this courtly gallant was the rude, uncultured, yet really handsome young savage, Herrick Maur. He had arrived some time ago, weary and anxious; had refused to sup with the family, and had retired to the suite of rooms prepared for his occupancy. These were exactly similar to those of Sir Victor, but on the opposite side of the corridor; they were furnished, too, in the same manner; for the baron had determined to treat the young



man with the respect due to his heir, and it possible to win his affection.

Early as Swinton descended to the morning repast, Herrick had already left the house. The groom said he had come himself to the stables, saddled his horse and rode away, leaving no message. The housekeeper said he had declined to wait for breakfast.

The baron ordered his own horse early, announcing his intention to ride over and see what had been the result of the contest between Kenneth and the government men.

He went first to the but in the hawthorn dell among the larches. Matlin was there, with the village surgeon, who had just pronounced an unfavorable opinion in the case of the wounded officer. He was sinking fast, but retained his faculties clearly.

His description of the man who he persisted in saying had caused his fall from the cliff led to the recognition of the so-called chief, Kenneth Maur, as the assailant. Two or three official persons from the nearest village had come to take the dying man's testimony, and the magistrate of the neighborhood, Sir George Vaughan, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

The old castle was full of soldiers, but Sir Kenneth and his two body-servants were missing. Even the housekeeper had disappeared. Search was made for them by mounted constables, who scoured the country.

The castle was thoroughly searched. The fire that had broken out, and the stormy riot of that night of confusion, had left a portion of the walls blackened and shattered ruin; without repairing, it was hardly a fit habitation even for the rough men to whom it had been a house.

The soldiers in possession had spent hours in drunken carousals, and had stripped the best rooms of many modern articles of furniture, leaving the massive and grimy cabinets and tables, the tattered tapestry, and the pewter flagons and dishes as the only remains. When the baron arrived, he consulted with Vaughan, and orders were given to dispossess these vagrants, and to secure the doors and windows against ingress; as the few of the household who were left refused to remain there, unprovoked and unaided. They were not long in scattering in different directions.

No trace of the smugglers' goods was found; but the cave was discovered and ransacked; without any result, as the goods had been carried off. There was no danger, however, of a renewal of the illegal imports for a long time to come.

The baron came upon Herrick, wandering, like a lost spirit, about his former home, and mournful of countenance, as one who had been bereaved of all.

His father had left a letter for him with one of his retainers. He bade his son accept the protection of his kinsman, the baron, and live henceforth with him. Heir of the dignities of that ancient house, he had a just claim to the future provision he needed. Swinton had made offers, which he would now fulfill. Kenneth forbade his son to follow him abroad, or attempt to discover his retreat. He should stay away for the present; and in case of the death of the revenue officer, he should return. Herrick would hear from him at intervals through Mat the seer, and he was earnestly counseled to leave his former associates and ways, and fit himself, under his kinsman's guidance, for such society as befitted his future rank, etc.

Herrick showed the letter to the baron, who added his own advice to follow its counsel, and gave the youth the warmest assurances of his affection and a son's welcome to his house and heart.

"You are my nearest of kin, and must come into all I have when I am gone," he added. "I have had an interest in you, boy, from your birth; you well know that. I shall regard you as a son, Alicia will be a sister to you, and I look to you to be her guardian and protector when she is married."

A deep flush swept over the young man's face, at the allusion to the maiden he loved with an untamed passion. But he did not turn from his father's kindly proffers, grasping his hand in token of his gratitude in accepting them.

That night and the following Herrick was quartered at the castle, where he had an interview with Matlin. The wounded revenue officer was dead.

The constables were still in search of Kenneth, whose fate was sealed in the event of his capture.

"Be counseled, my lad," said the faithful friend, "and leave this neighborhood. The baron's house is your home. Go to England, if he sends you to a university, and set foot no more in Scotland. The people murmur since this lawless deed, and may visit it upon you."

But the young man persisted in being present at the coroner's inquest, held in the inn of the seacoast village. Sir George Vaughan, as magistrate, presided, and several of the neighbors were called as witnesses.

One man had seen the deceased walking toward the cliff, with a telescope in his hand; another had met Sir Kenneth coming home and had noticed that he was pale and excited. He had passed the man who had been killed, and had seen his face as he went on. Others testified to Matlin's strange language in the vision; but hearsay evidence availed nothing. The seer himself was sworn. He was unconscious of his words when the second sight came to overpower his senses; and he remembered the vision, and it could hardly have been taken by the magistrate. Matlin deposed to having heard Hilda call for assistance, and on descending the rocks, to have found her with the injured man. She craved his aid to carry him up, and he had taken him to her own dwelling. His best skill was taxed to help him and bind up his bruises. He added a full account of what had been done for him.

The village doctor gave his testimony that the man had come to death by the breaking of his ribs in the fall, and consequent pressure on the lungs, and impeded action of the heart. The dying deposition was read, and other corroborative testimony taken. The flight of Kenneth, Gregory and Hilda was convincing proof, crowning all the rest, of the charge.

Herrick, to whom suspicion had attached, was cleared by the testimony of persons who had seen him, at that very hour, at a distance of two miles from the spot. The presence and support of the baron stood him in good stead. No father could have more cordially sustained his own son in circumstances of peril. Swinton had feared it would be necessary for Alicia to give her testimony, but the young man was completely cleared without it.

Calm, stern and haughty, careless of aught that might happen to himself, stood Herrick during the examination. When it was over, he strode out of the inn, and walked briskly away. But he returned before the verdict of the jury was rendered.

The guilt of "willful murder" was fixed on Kenneth Maur, and orders were issued for his arrest and committal to prison whenever he could be found. It was now certain that he had left the country; but no one knew whither the vessel had sailed. Only conjecture pointed to France as the refuge of the criminal.

The people dispersed, murmuring and divided in their opinions and feelings. Herrick was led away by the baron, who entrusted him to ride home to Stone Crag without delay, while he lingered to transact some business with Sir George Vaughan.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 417.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES writes at a window from which an extensive and interesting view may be had; but that is a practical disadvantage, he says, for it leads his mind away from his subject. His belief is that "a range of vision which presents little or nothing to attract the outward forces represented in the intelligent concentration of the gaze is best calculated to lead to good results when the individual is engaged upon any task requiring uninterrupted intensity of thought."

## LIFE.

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

What is Time? A little space  
Taken from eternal life,  
In which each one takes his place,  
Passes to the great To-be;  
Working—sleeping—  
Laughing—weeping—  
Ever reaching for a goal,  
Sometimes tripping—  
Often falling—  
Back, to lose the whole!

## A Rough Wedding.

BY OLL COOMES.

TOM BRADEN turned away from the cabin of John Brooks with a sad and heavy heart. The young hunter had wooed and won the love of the settler's lovely daughter, Matie; but his suit had been spurned by the hard-hearted father, and he had been forbidden of ever crossing the threshold of Brooks's cabin or of ever speaking to Matie again. And all this paternal sternness was because Tom Braden was a poor man—a mere hunter—notwithstanding the fact that he had laid up a snug little sum out of his hard earnings with trap and rifle.

Captain Joseph Smithers was the man to whom Brooks was anxious to wed his daughter, for he was a gentleman and a man of means. Despite his own poverty, Brooks had not outgrown his aristocratic notions in five years' residence on the prairie; and it was his old pride that could never condescend to see his child wedded to a "vagabond hunter," as he called Tom.

Captain Smithers "filled the bill" exactly. He had come to the little village of Prairie View about a year previous and had engaged in speculating in land claims. He had money, that was certain. He was refined and polished in manner and speech; but for all this Matie could love but one, and that one was plain John Braden. So her father did not count for her with the captain, and in a short time had even made an engagement for her. This was carrying the joke a long way, but Mr. Brooks was one of those firm, selfish persons who believe in the parent's right to select for his child.

So the wedding-day was fixed, as there had not been a death, Indian attack or wedding in the village for over a year, the event of Matie's wedding-day was looked forward to with joyous anticipations. At the same time, however, the settlers had the prospect of some excitement in another direction, for the Indians were raising trouble along the border, and altogether the good people of Prairie View kept their spirits alternating between fear and the joy of the coming wedding.

Finally the wedding-day rolled around. The time for the ceremony was set for seven o'clock that evening, but long before that hour guests began to assemble. The cabin was furnished nicely for the occasion, and the light of a tall oil lamp shone over fair women and brave men. The minister came with his prayer-book in his hand, and old Alkaney Perry came with his fiddle under his arm. The girls in their best calico dresses and the boys in their store-clothes came dropping in by twos.

Old Mr. Brooks never seemed happier; Matie never seemed more content. Captain Smithers, in his splendid suit of wedding-clothes was the center of attraction. Everybody admired his fine, military bearing, and polished, graceful manners. He became a light around which these happy couples fluttered and clung. He smiled graciously upon the young ladies, but their awkward young beaux he looked upon with a mere smile of disdain.

The minister kept the party in good-humor while the crowd was gathering by clever stories and occasional sallies of wit.

Old women and old men talked over their past life, their wedding-days and the change that had been wrought since then. "Then," said one, "we never knew what a calico dress was. We were in woolen-linsey; but now look at her! She's got a calico dress, a starched-up calico dress with ten yards in it, while most of the young men's got on store-clothes instead of buck-skin. Well, well, they say the world grows weaker and wiser."

"When it comes to the matter of Mr. Griggs," said another, "I'll show you that forty years hasn't taken the youthful vigor out of old Jack Tombolt," replied old Mr. Tombolt, growing young with the recollections of the past, and at sight of Alkaney's fiddle.

Thus the moments were happily away to all save Matie. It wanted just ten minutes of seven; the minister was looking through his prayer-book; silence was settling within the house; young hearts and old were fluttering wildly, when all of a sudden an unearthly yell rent the night, the cabin door was burst open, and a number of painted and plumed Indians bounded into the room.

Matie, who sat near the light, blew it out the instant they entered, wrapping all in blinding darkness. Then followed a scene that beggars description. Women screamed and fainted, and men, women and children all made a rush for the doors regardless of friend or foe. It was a terrible panic. Not a man offered resistance. The minister fled, praying as he went, and Captain Smithers skulked away like a cowardly wolf.

In a few minutes, however, the Indians were gone. Then the settlers took courage, and arming themselves hastened to Brooks's cabin. To their surprise they found that no one had been taken, nor even a wound. But the bride was missing. Matie Brooks, the intended bride, and another young girl—a friend of Matie's—were gone. The savages had carried them away. Of this there was no doubt, and so the gallant Smithers at once organized a party and started in pursuit.

The savages had gone north, leaving a broad trail behind them. With the aid of lanterns Smithers's party was enabled to follow on quite rapidly.

At daylight they halted to rest and breakfast on the biscuit and dried venison brought along. They had finished their meal and were about to resume their pursuit when they heard the report of fire-arms some distance in advance.

The red devils must have met with a party of "hunters," said the wise Captain Smithers. "Just listen! they're having a sharp engagement. Let us hurry forward and help our friends."

They moved on, but the firing soon ceased. Ten minutes later the pursuers were met by Tom Braden and five other men, who, under their protection, Matie Brooks and the other captive girl. Braden and his friends had whipped the Indians and rescued the girls.

Old Mr. Brooks fairly wept with joy when he realized that his daughter was safe. He clasped her to his breast and kissed her a dozen times; and when he learned, from one of the men, that Tom Braden was owing her rescue, the old man forgot all his dislike of him, and showered a hundred blessings upon him.

When the party was about to begin their homeward journey, Captain Smithers advanced to where Matie stood, and said:

"My dear Miss Brooks, you will please take my arm, and I will see that no further harm befalls you."

Before Matie could comply with his request in case she intended to, at all, one of the five strangers with Braden advanced, and confronting Smithers with a cocked revolver, said:

"My dear Jack Brannon, you will please place your aristocratic wrists in these handcuffs, or you'll never live to rob another bank or marry your fourth wife. Hands in!"

Smithers turned red and white by turns. He became rooted to the spot with abject fear, and before he was aware of it, the other men had slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists. But, finally, his fear turned to rage, and he denounced the men in terrible language, accusing them of being tools to Braden, and appealing to the settlers for liberty.

Mr. Brooks looked upon the treatment of Smithers as an insult, and in strong, threatening tones demanded:

"Gentlemen, what means this treatment of Captain Smithers?"

"Oh, this means business, stranger," said one of the men; "you see, we are detectives, and have been after that man six months. He's Jack Brannon, one of the most accomplished rogues in the West. He's the man that robbed the Red Rock Bank, a year ago. A dying pal squealed on him, and as there was a big reward, we five went to work. He has three wives living now in the States. Oh, he's a royal scamp, men."

Time proved to Mr. Brooks that every word of this was true, and so the old man was often heard to thank God that the Indians did attack his cabin that night in the nick of time to save his child.

And so Tom Braden, the young hunter, married Matie after all, but he never dared tell the old man, until years afterward, that the attack by Indians on his cabin was a "job" put up by himself and Matie, and Matie's girl friend, and that he and the detectives were the Indians that broke up the wedding.

## AT EVENTIDE.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

An old dame sat at her cottage door—  
The clouds were close about an autumn day,  
A cottage that stood by a river shore,  
With ivy and jasmine twining o'er;  
A silvery brooklet flowed before,  
And music on its way.

The gathering shades fall on the sand—  
Why satest the old dame there,  
By the cold night breeze her face is fanned,  
Yet she sees not sky, nor sea, nor strand,  
But only that in her aged hand—  
A cluster of autumn hair.

The brooklet that murmurs past she hears,  
Yet she heeds not its onward flow;  
She is lost in the memory of bygone years,  
And her mild blue eyes are filled with tears,  
For a youthful form to her mind appears—  
A form of the Long Ago.

"How slowly the years have rolled away!  
Yet he cometh not back to me;  
And I ponder and dream in the evening gray,  
Thinking he's as with the boys at play,  
Tho' it's twelve long years, this autumn day,  
Since my darling went off to sea."

"Twelve long years, with their weight of woe  
On a wearied and aching brain;  
Day after day passing so slowly,  
From summer's heat to winter's snow,  
Weary of watching them come and go,  
With their burden of care and pain."

"My heart from affliction's scourge is sore—  
And I hear my prayer for him,  
Grant that I'll see my boy once more;  
Grant that he'll come to my cottage door,  
Till I can lay him again as I did of yore—  
My darling! my angel fair!"

Down in the deep, with the nameless dead,  
Her darling, her loved one lies;  
Sleep on, fair boy, in thy ocean bed;  
Sleep on, fair boy, in thy ocean bed;  
Sleep on, fair boy, in thy ocean bed;  
Sleep on, fair boy, in thy ocean bed;

But—was it a sigh from the upper air?  
Or a call from the Peaceful Shore?  
When the night had fallen they found her there;  
Clasped to her breast was the tress of hair,  
God had looked down and heard her prayer—  
Her darling she met once more!

## Happy Jack;

OR,

The White Chief of the Sioux.

A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

## CHAPTER XXII.

GROUPING IN THE DARK.

FOR one moment Happy Jack stood motionless, a sort of dazed incredulity written upon every feature. He seemed to be listening to words intended for somebody else. But as, in obedience to the order, the four soldiers advanced to arrest him, his magnificent form suddenly straightened, his head was flung proudly back, his face flushed hotly, and a dangerous light filled his eyes—as though, unarmed, he felt the power to arrest him for a crime of which he was innocent. But this lasted only for an instant. Then the scout bowed his head, his hands unclenched, he was ready for the inevitable.

Bill Comstock had missed nothing of all this. First he came to believe that his friend meant to resist arrest, and his brown fingers closed quickly around the stock of his revolver, resolved to fall or stand beside his "pard."

Then he saw how Jack had abandoned the vain hope of resistance, and his resolve was promptly taken. He sprang forward before Happy Jack, and drawing his revolver, dropped them upon the ground at Colonel Markham's feet.

"You fellows are on the wrong trail," he began, speaking slowly and with a peculiar doggedness that was impressive in itself. "He never killed that man, nor could he do it, 'taint in him. If you want to know who did it, I'm the man—I swear by the Eternal that I shot Cap'n Stone!"

A pair of strong hands were placed upon his shoulders, and turning his head, he met the gaze of the scout, who looked at him with a very heart, a look of strong affection, yet laughing and quizzical.

"You mean well, old man, but it won't work. The bullet will not fit your pistol, and it will fit mine. I thank you all the same, but the best thing you can do for me is to wait—and let the matters take their course. I ask if, for the sake of old times, pard, and he gently pushed Bill to one side, adding: "I am your prisoner, colonel; only—there is one person here who can clear me, if he will. I mean the man lying yonder."

Bill Comstock looked down at the man, beside whom knelt a little fat man, the surgeon of the fort, and who at that moment hastily arose.

"A paper—directed to you, sir," he said, in answer to Colonel Markham's glance. "He had it."

With a changing countenance Colonel Markham read the message—the same which Happy Jack had written while the prisoner of Baby Tom. Strange as it may sound, he had almost forgotten the explanation of his daughter's disappearance, in the discovery of the murdered man and the hasty investigation which followed. Now he turned to Happy Jack, and asked:

"You wrote this? What does it all mean?" The young scout gave a hasty explanation, his words creating no little excitement among his auditors. Brief as had been his residence at Fort Western, his grace, his beauty and spirits, but above all, his kind heart and ready hand had made him the idol of the boys in blue. But then, all of a sudden, he had disappeared, and his comrades had been duped by the scout, he mentally vowed a bitter vengeance against the man, even though in carrying it out, he should find it necessary to sacrifice his own life.

And unwilling to lose one moment's time, he gave vent to a hollow groan, contorting his face as though in mortal agony.

"I'm a-dyin', an' none o' you won't help me!" he gasped, as he saw that he had attracted attention. "Do somethin' to stop this awful fire inside o' me!"—pears like I'm in hell a-ready!"

With a warning glance at the colonel, Dr. Hurlburt nodded toward the wounded wretch, his face preternaturally grave.

"I have done all I can for you, without instruments. There may be a hope for your life—if your mind is at rest. There is some secret troubling you. If you confess all it may be better," he said, soberly.

"I can't—not while he's lookin' at me," gasped

the decoy, casting a swift glance toward Happy Jack. "Make him go 'way—when his awful eyes is on me, I can't do or say nothin' but what he is willin' I should. Take him away, an' I'll tell all I know."

The effort seemed to exhaust him. His eyes closed, his breath came faint and fitfully. The worthy doctor looked puzzled, as well he might, for Watson's wound, though severe, was by no means mortal. Yet, deeming it advisable to do the truth, by all means, he withdrew the colonel to one side and made him understand his plan. Markham nodded, and then motioned for the men to fall back, asking the two scouts to accompany him for a moment. Drawing them beyond ear-shot, he improved the opportunity in learning what had occurred since the interrupted rabbit-chase.

Meanwhile, Ben Watson was pouring forth his confession to the startled and scandalized surgeon. The decoy was nothing if not dramatic. With a better education he would have made a superb sensational novelist—and better than most, his stories, though impromptu, in this case, hung well together—there were no ragged ends, no useless threads—just enough and nothing cut to waste.

He stated that himself and Happy Jack were old friends, and had been engaged in more than one pretty piece of work in the years gone by, though for some time they had been working different leads. They had met that night in the valley, by accident, but while Miss Markham was sleeping, Happy Jack had revealed a bold plan by which a large sum of money might be made, without much risk. The lady was to be held for ransom. The preliminaries were carried out faithfully, the scout being treated as a prisoner while before Miss Markham. But there was a plot within a plot. The two—himself and Happy Jack—had arranged to secure the whole sum demanded as ransom for themselves. Watson was to carry the letter to the fort, where it was expected that the colonel would promptly appear, and the information therein contained.

Meantime, the scout was to steal Miss Markham away from the others, and place her in a secure hiding-place. Of course the other men would take the alarm and flee for safety, the cave would be found empty, and in time the father would be forced to pay the money to Watson, as demanded. He was to make tracks at once, only setting up a signal which his partner would understand. Then Happy Jack was to carry Miss Markham away to the rendezvous.

There, unless she would agree to become his wife, she was to be used to extort still further sums of money.

"I see him airly this mornin', an' he told me the gal war all safe, but wouldn't say whar he'd hid her. He said I must foller an' watch the fellows he was with, 'cause that was a man yender he lays, boss—a man thar as could an' would spile the play of he warn't wiped out. I tried to beg off, but—I can't explain how, but when he looks at me, I'm just like a machine—I hain't got the feelin's of a man a-tall. I've got to do what he says. It's some devil's medicine, mebbe."

"Magnetism," ventured the surgeon, wiping his flushed brow.

"Mebbe—I don't know. Anyhow, I said I'd do it. I tried, but my cap 'busted, an' the feller shooed me, 'cause that was a man yender he lays, boss—a man thar as could an' would spile the play of he warn't wiped out. I tried to beg off, but—I can't explain how, but when he looks at me, I'm just like a machine—I hain't got the feelin's of a man a-tall. I've got to do what he says. It's some devil's medicine, mebbe."

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he could overlook the pointed challenge of the scout, without positive injury to his influence and discipline.

At this moment Happy Jack, his arms bound, passed over to where Comstock crouched, and spoke rapidly, earnestly.

"If you are really anxious to serve me, Bill, you must drop the trail you are on, and take up the right one. You promised to hunt out the real murderer—how can you keep your word if you butt your brains out against a rock that you can pass quietly around? If you want to serve me, find Miss Markham. Take up the trail for these men, do the best you know, and trust to time for the rest. Say you will do this—there is no other man here who would have one eye for my interest, while working for hers. You will go—as a favor to me, pard?"

"I'd go to h—l itself, if you axed me, Jack—thar! Cuss the dust!" and Bill winked his eyes, savagely. "P' you fellows 'spect me to trail fer ye, you'd best pick up your legs, mighty lively—do you hear?"

As he spoke, Comstock sprang up the rocks, not daring to cast a single glance backward. Colonel Markham hesitated for a moment, and there was a curious expression of mingled doubt and regret upon his face as he glanced at the prisoner, who had quietly returned to his former position beside his guards. Could this man be guilty of such cold-blooded crimes? And yet—why had the man, believing himself to be dying, why had he accused the prisoner, if innocent? And the proof of the murder was so plain!

With an effort the colonel brushed aside these reflections, and bidding Sergeant Bowen remain in command of the guards and their prisoner, he sprang into the saddle and rode rapidly around the rocky spur, then galloping on in pursuit of Comstock, who had already taken up the broken trail and was following it at a long, swift, loping stride.

There was little difficulty after this, for the trail was deep and broad, and within the hour Comstock paused at the foot of the ascent







